Week ending Nov. 21 1959

JOHN BULL

Everybody's Weekly

EVERY WEDNESDAY 5d

THE SEVEN DEADLY SINS TODAY

Hard-hitting new series by the most outspoken man in Britain

GILBERT HARDING

Andrew Garve's thriller
THE GOLDEN DEED

Has Dr. Aslan found the secret of lost youth?

I can't tell Stork from butter

. . . and I reckon living in the country gives me a pretty keen sense of taste. But I'd have sworn this was best butter, it tastes so nice and creamy.

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one of a series

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The Stork Cookery Service is here to assist you. Nothing is too much trouble if it helps you with your cooking problems. But a few weeks ago something rather out of the ordinary was attempted. Stork took to the open road—on a motor rally.

The occasion was a famous motor club's Annual Rally and various well-known clubs were taking part. When the starter's flag dropped the first of 120 cars roared away from Dartford into the lanes of North Kent with 200 tiring miles ahead. And this is where the Stork Demonstration Van enters the story. From 2.30 a.m. to 6.00 a.m., this self-contained "kitchen-on-wheels" provided non-stop refreshment for competitors and officials. Hot sausage rolls, soup and other tasty snacks were handed out to the hungry and thirsty rallyists. By breakfast time on Sunday, when the last car reached Westerham, the Demonstration Van had served over 400 sausage rolls and 112 pints of soup.

A tiring way to spend a weekend, but an experience the Cookery Service wouldn't have missed. Among other things, the rally showed that there is no limit to the number of ways in which the Cookery Service can help you.

If you want any advice on any cookery problems, write to The Stork Cookery Service, Kildare House, Dorset Rise, London, E.C.4.

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The Cover

No satisfying smell of sizzling bacon, none of those intriguing downstairs noises that speak to a man (still with his head beneath the blankets) of a woman about the house. Oh no, he finds her busy in the bathroom, straining after that elusive spirit of eternal youth. But it's a long, hard road to health and beauty, and it probably won't last. "Soon," says artist Michael Leonard, "she'll be bored with all the backaches, and decide that it's better to exercise ingenuity in the kitchen"

Free Speech

JOHN BULL: EVERYBODY'S WEEKLY pays one guinea for each letter published in "Free Speech." Readers with problems (other than medical) should write to our Free Advice Service, whose experts answer questions by post and in our feature "We Advise."

Henpecked And Dowdy

IF there's one thing that the women of Britain are always up in arms about it's the dull way their menfolk dress. And the truth is there's nobody to blame but the women themselves.

I work in a men's wear shop. It's well known in the trade that a great many—if not most—men are not allowed to buy a single garment unless their wives are there to approve.

Whether it's an eighteen-guinea suit or a tie for the office, more often than not I find myself having to sell it to the wife and ignoring the man. Many of our customers are unaccompanied women buying their husbands' clothes.

Among salesmen it's accepted that if a man comes in alone you can sell him highly original clothes. If his wife is present then conservatism rules.

If the women of Britain want better-dressed men they should send them out to do their own shopping. —J. THOMPSON, Manchester.

"A recent survey we carried out showed the single most important influence in buying men's clothes is women," says the Wholesale Clothing Manufacturers' Federation.

"In lower income groups ninety per cent of all men are more or less told by their wives when to buy their suits—and what to buy. For middle-income groups the figure is about fifty per cent."

Signs For The Times

Some time ago I was injured in a car accident. Three of us almost lost our lives because the other driver missed the slow major road ahead sign on a notorious cross-roads where bushes and high grass obscured the view.

There was no suggestion of criminal negligence. Surely some positive means should be provided to draw the attention of drivers when they are approaching major roads. A small ramp or gutter would jolt the car and warn the driver.—E. C., Chippenham, Wilts.

Eagle-eyed Women

I wonder why so many women are able to appraise a person's character so accurately after meeting only once or twice.

Is it an inborn feminine intuition or do women train themselves to be shrewder judges than men? Are they more sensitive to other people's voices and mannerisms?

I have known women warn their husbands against certain people after only a brief acquaintance, but it took their menfolk months to become fully aware of the truth.

Perhaps this is a natural trait, designed to help a woman select the right mate.—A. V. LUMSDEN, Sherrard Road, Manor Park, London, E.12.

Heat Delusions

Many people have told me during the past summer that I should get into the sunshine as much as possible to build up against the winter. They themselves have sunbathed assiduously so that their bodies can absorb and store the sun's rays.

In my view, this theory is nonsense. If it were true it would be logical to assume that the people coming to Britain from countries which have lots of sunshine—West Indians, for example—would be better able to resist such illnesses as colds, influenza, asthma and bronchitis.

In fact, they succumb more readily to these. Furthermore, I forecast that there will be just as much illness this winter as in any other, despite the brilliant summer.

In my view the best protection

there is against winter's ills is by acclimatization—through a cold, wet summer.—VIOLET F. GORE, Clarence Road, Fleet, Hants.

"People who live in one climate all the year can very definitely help themselves to build up a general resistance to colds and winter illness during the summer," says a doctor. "It's just a question of giving yourself good health by getting plenty of sunshine and fresh air.

"The general climate change is so great that West Indians get no benefit from the sunshine they got at home when they come here."

Escape Routes

When one considers the number of people who are trapped by fire in burning buildings, it is surprising how few householders provide themselves with some sort of emergency fire escape.

During a visit to Sweden a relative of mine was impressed by the number of houses which were fitted with fire safety ropes. Tested and approved by the fire authorities, the ropes are fixed to a steel hook screwed to the inside of bedroom window frames.

This is a simple but effective means of escape for emergencies and could well be copied here.—MRS. M. S., West Street, Southend, Essex.

Down With Bottles!

Why should there be all this argument about the colour of milk bottles? There is really no need for bottles at all. Progressive farmers in the small Shropshire town of Bishops Castle delivered milk in cartons for years. These were clean, neat and economical.

But the big dairies have taken over and the milk now comes in bottles. So will everybody else's as long as millions of pounds are sunk in companies manufacturing glass bottles. —OWEN OLIVER, Crofton Road, Orpington, Kent.

"We have to buy two hundred and fifty million milk bottles a year, so naturally we're interested in cheaper ways of delivering milk," says the National Dairymen's Association. "But cartons cost a penny each—and using bottles is eight times as cheap."

Teenage Tots Banned

We hear so much about trouble caused through teenage drunkenness that it is high time we dealt with this problem the way they do in Canada.

There, nobody under twenty-one is allowed on licensed premises—and if the barman thinks you are under age you can enter only by showing your birth certificate.

The barman has to be extra careful —the fine for serving intoxicating drinks to a minor can be one thousand dollars.—JACK KINGSTON, West Norwood, London, S.E.27.

"We're certainly much stricter in Canada generally," says a Canadian Government official. "Each province has its own laws. In Ontario, for instance, you need a licence to buy spirits—and the only people under twenty-one who can buy any liquor legally are Servicemen.

"Nevertheless there's just as much drinking by young people as in Britain—and alcoholism is generally on the increase."

Needle Lessons

My eight-year-old son came home from school recently and sat at his lunch with a worried look on his face.

He told me he had a big mistake

to put right. I asked what kind of a sum it was. The reply was quite a shock.

"It's a sewing mistake, silly." Sewing has been added to his curriculum. I don't know whether to approve or not.—E. HORNER, Machynlleth, Montgomeryshire.

"Sewing and needlework would come under the general heading of handicrafts," says an educationalist.

"Most primary schools devote some time to these nowadays. Arts and crafts play such a big part in most lives that it is a very good thing to start children on this track at as early an age as possible."

A La British Railways

Recently, having coffee in the buffet on Glasgow Central Station, I was surprised to note that the packets of sugar provided were made in France.

One would think that nationalised concerns should buy British.—H. SAUNDERS, Farlands Drive, East Didsbury, Manchester, 20.

"We are having an experiment to see which customers prefer—British, French or Belgian wrapped cubes," says a British Railways' spokesman.

"We will eventually decide on price and suitability. If British sugar is best we'll buy it."

Tides Versus Atoms

I was exceptionally interested in Lionel Davidson's series, "Have We Bungled Our Nuclear Energy Programme?" These "wonderful" nuclear stations are costing the taxpayers millions of pounds, yet they will never be a paying proposition—and instead of giving us unlimited supplies of cheap power they are likely to increase costs.

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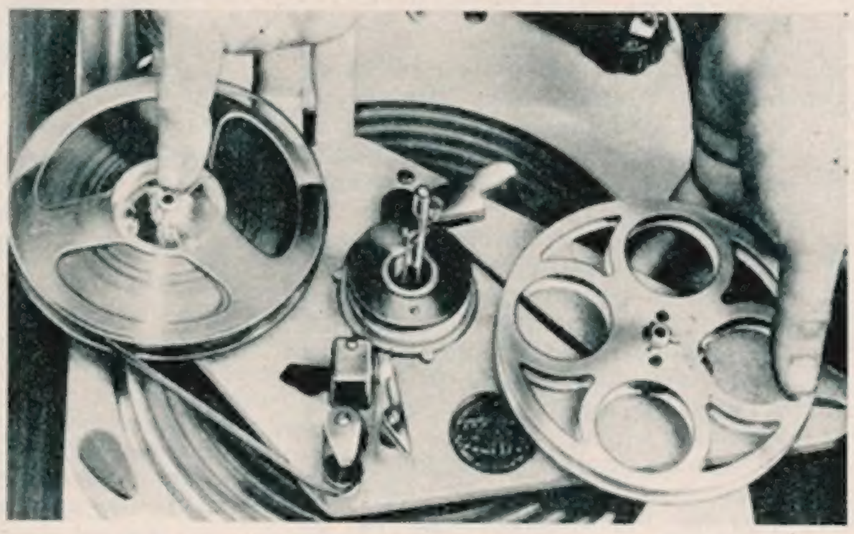

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Free Speech

continued from page 3

pieces of public deception in the country's history.

I have a scheme to harness the tidal power of the rivers Severn and Wye to produce more power than any other generating station in the world. It would cost only £40 million. The government would not even pay my return fare to London to discuss my plans—but they are spending £120 million on three new nuclear stations that will produce only 850,000 kilowatts compared to the Severn-Wye estimated output of four million.—HERBERT W. HAYDON, Moorland Road, Weston-super-Mare, Somerset.

Stand For Health

People who dash from a cinema or theatre to escape the National Anthem may be endangering their health, I have been told.

If they have been seated for three hours and then start to walk suddenly a temporary but severe fall in blood pressure may take place.

By standing still for a few minutes this risk can be averted.—WILLIAM TALLON, Ormskirk, Lancs.

"The risk of any ill effects from dashing out of the cinema to escape the anthem is very remote," says a doctor. "The only people who might suffer are those with some disorder of the arteries or veins. I would say that the greatest risk is of being accused of bad manners."

Beaten By Nerves

Is there any cure for "test-nerves"? How can one overcome the tendency to bumble and fumble over a straightforward question when minutes earlier the correct answer was known to perfection.

Time and again I have failed to make the right impression at examinations because my brain has gone on strike. I am not afraid of mice, men, crossing the road or dark nights. Only examinations bring out my helpless streak. And I do so want to pass my driving test.—MRS. G. P., Prestwich, Lancs.

"I am afraid there is absolutely nothing that can be done to cure these exam nerves," says a psychiatrist. "Any artificial means would be dangerous. Perhaps, after enough attempts, this reader will grow accustomed to the ordeal."

Niet To Monty

At a reception in Canberra, shortly after the war, the Russian Minister to Australia and Monty were chatting.

Monty said to the Russian: "I've met a lot of Russian generals. They are all fine chaps. It's a pity they don't speak English."

Said the Russian: "Ah, yes, but they are only generals. You are a field-marshal. Let us talk Russian."

Monty, who does not speak Russian, was quite taken aback.—ROBERT NELSON, West Scott Terrace, Hamilton, Lanarkshire.

Big Joe For Britain?

Your article about Big Joe blaring happiness all night long (JOHN BULL, October 10) makes me think that the Happiness Exchange Foundation is a very wonderful organization doing a great job.

I am amazed that there are not more of these organizations, especially in Britain. We have followed so many other American ideas in the past that I'm sure we would not go amiss with a happiness exchange.—MISS VALERIE BEAUMONT, Headington, Oxford.

In her article, Elsie Jackson told how Big Joe Rosenfield broadcasts for six hours every night from a New York radio station, telling the stories of people in trouble and asking his two million listeners to offer help.

A brilliant JOHN BULL BOOK CONDENSATION complete in one issue

DOCTOR'S DIARY

by Hubert Bagster

The gay, sometimes sad, but always heart-warming story of the unpredictable life of a country doctor.

NEXT WEEK

Whose road is it?

Two cars into one lane won't go. That's the simple arithmetic of Britain's road problem. And when two cars become ten, then ten a hundred, you have the traffic jams with which everyone is familiar. At that moment, the danger has its source. Delay leads to impatience. Impatience leads to anger, and finally to desperation. You can read about the outcome in your newspaper every day.

To everyone with a family to feed, inadequate and overloaded roads mean still more. The delays, diversions, hold-ups and snails-pace crawling inevitably mean lower quality commodities at higher cost.

The need is clearly defined : speed our transport, cut our costs, increase travel safety. The whole of Britain looks to the day when a network of fast, safe highways will provide the nation with the traffic-capacity it must have. The need is not going unrecognized. Already, millions of tons of earth have been cleared, vast stretches of land levelled, and new roads laid. Such are the giant tasks that are presenting the earth-moving industry with its greatest-yet responsibility . . . a responsibility that the industry is proud to shoulder.

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Festival at Kilmuck

by BRIAN CLEEVE

ILLUSTRATED BY RICHARD O. ROSE

Ah, that was a downright foolish idea of Larry O'Toole's. A festival! An Arts Festival in Kilmuck! By the holy, you'd be better off holdin' a wake for Kilmuck if you wanted to celebrate its existence in any public way.

What with the mountains at the back of it full of moisture and the main street running helter skelter down to the sea as if it was meaning to drown itself for sheer desperation and boredom; and the rates and the taxes and the smell of seaweed rotting on the foreshore—oh, it's a distressful parish. And I told Larry O'Toole the same thing the minute he made the suggestion, standing there behind his bar, serving short measure to decent men.

"Larry," I said. "There's the smell of disaster in it. Amn't I right, lads?"

But would you credit it, there wasn't a man there had the common sense to agree with me. Not even my own son, Peter, leaning there on the counter with his nose buried in his pint of porter and his eyes peering like lovesick oysters over the brim of it at Larry's niece, Maggie.

"Arr, go on away with you, Barney Foley," said Larry. "Don't they have grand festivals over in Wexford, now? And Cork? And that place Edinburgh? And Paris? Why, they even have them in London and Chicago. It's what put those towns on their feet, if the truth was to be known. And it's what'll put us on our feet, me boys." And with that he slams a bottle of whiskey on the bar with the reverence he'd show to second-run poteen.

"Drink up," says he. "On the house," says he. "And now," says he, when the company recovered from the paralysis of their surprise and held out their glasses, "isn't it a grand idea I've put to you?"

Well, a man can have common sense, but devil a bit of good it will do him in an argument with a free bottle of whiskey, so I held my tongue. And it's a poor enough consolation to know that I was right, and to be able to tell them all that I was the only one of them that had the sense to foresee the disasters that came on us. Especially when they've threatened to crack my skull if I so much as open my gob about it again.

"What we need now is a circuitous letter," Larry was saying, with his thumbs in his braces and very expansive. "And in this letter we'll ask all the nobs and gentry of the day; the grand panjanderums of the film world and the stage and the Culture of the country, to come down to Kilmuck and attend the festivities of the festival."

"But what'll the festivities be?" says Johnny O'Gorman.

"Well, it won't be you playing the flute," says Larry. "Nor it won't be Barney Foley playing the fiddle either." And, of course, there was a big ugly roar of laughter at that, as if I'd be offering to play my fiddle to an idiotic carrying-on like this one. "No," says Larry. "It'll be art, and drama, and high-class music, and Father O'Brien's slides of the visit he made to Rome in the Marian Year, and things like that, taking place in the parish hall."

"Come on away out of this before I laugh myself sick," I said to Peter. But he wouldn't come, being pinned to the counter by the machinations of Maggie, who was sliding him a free pint of porter across the bar when her uncle wasn't looking. So I had to go home by myself.

As it turned out, it was Maggie that put the final touch of calamity to the whole thing with her lovestruck nonsense. The three of us, her and Peter and me, was in the bar by ourselves one evening, the rest of the parish being up at the parish hall conniving at some new folly, when she says: "Oh, Mr. Foley, wouldn't it be the great thing if Peter and me were to take part in the festival as Romeo and Juliet? Oh, Romeo," she says to Peter, flinging out her hands to him with the bar cloth in one and my glass of whiskey in the other: "Oh, Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art thou, Romeo?"

"I don't know," said Peter, looking surprised.

"Are you gone mad entirely?" I said.

"Oh, Mr. Foley," she said, giving me my whiskey and refilling the bit she had spilt—and, give her grace, she filled it well over the mark—"we read that play in school the last year we were there, because Sister Mary of the Angels said it would teach us all about life. And you know, it did. Oh, it was beautiful. I still have the book. Wait. . . ."

Out she went for it like a rabbit. "Here it is," she said, popping back again. "Oh, wouldn't it be glorious if me and Peter could play one of the scenes in front of all the great people down for the festival, and maybe get a film contract and go to Hollywood?" And she melted across that bar like a little puddle of womanhood, as soft and silky and cuddlesome as a golden kitten.

"I wouldn't like my son, Peter, making a show of himself," I said, but not as firm as I might have done, I'll admit that.

"Ah, now, Mr. Foley," says Maggie, kind of tilting the whiskey bottle towards me. "Will you let him?" She splashed my glass full. "Now, there, don't be putting your hand in your pocket at all. Sure, wouldn't my uncle give it you himself for helping on the festival, if he was here?"

"Well, if you put it like that," I said.

"We could do the love scene," says Maggie. "With me on the balcony, and Romeo in the bushes."

"What about me?" says Peter. "Couldn't I be in it, too?"

"Ah, you big eejut," I says, not able to restrain myself any longer. "*You're* Romeo, don't you understand? Romeo. ROMEO."

Just then in comes Larry with his face on fire and his coat-tails flapping, waving a telegram in his hand. "A film star," says he. "A living film star!" And behind him the lads pouring in like a clatter of seagulls squawking after a herring boat. "Give me the bottle there, girl," says Larry. "Drinks on the house, lads. Here's to the festival. Here's to Kilmuck. Here's to . . . here's to. . . ." He took another screwing look at the paper in his hand. "Here's to Miss Brenda O'Murphy, of the Shamrock Studios, County Dublin. Kilmuck is made, me lads, Kilmuck is made! Get your fiddle out, Barney Foley, and we'll shake the devil out of his britches before the night is done."

"Will you let me play the fiddle at the festival, then?" says I.

"And will you let me play my flute?" says Johnny O'Gorman.

"And will you let Peter and me play Romeo and Juliet?" says Maggie, plucking her uncle by the sleeve.

"Everybody shall play," said Larry, climbing up on the counter. "Oh, bedam, lads, this is a great day. This is the foundation and fountain of our risen fortunes. We'll be famous. Oh, glory be, I don't know whether to laugh or cry, thinking of the dilapidated state of distressful ignorance and isolation we've been living in, and all for want of a festival."

I'll grant Larry that he has a fine turn of eloquence when a thing moves him. So up the road with me to fetch my fiddle: and sure enough we shook the cobwebs off the ceiling before the night was done.

After that there was nothing done in the parish but work for the festival. First there was to be the film section, with Father O'Brien's slides. Then, in the drama section, Larry O'Toole was to do the death of Julius Caesar; there was to be a historical pageant of Kilmuck, beginning with the arrival of the Tuatha de Danaan on Kilmuck strand, and ending with the recent visit of Mr. Seamus O'Dillon, T.D., to open the new drainage scheme; and finally Romeo and Juliet with Peter and Maggie, and me playing romantic music on the fiddle in the background, imitating a nightingale.

And, of course, aside from the main attractions like these, there were all sorts of fringe attractions, as they call them; poteen parties; and exhibitions of Kilmuck handicrafts, such as manure made out of rotted seaweed and packed into sacks for export to the inland parishes, and handy-sized lumps of turf for use as doorstops, with *A Present from Kilmuck* written on the side in whitewash, and all the other industries and exhibits of Irish culture that might attract the foreign visitor. Oh, by the powers, I have to hand it to Larry in one way. If he does a disastrous thing, he does it well.

And so the great day came nearer. Maggie and me and Peter were having trouble finding a quiet place to rehearse. Larry wouldn't let us rehearse in the parish hall because he said it distracted him from being Julius Caesar to hear the three of us being Romeo and Juliet and a nightingale. And then my own old lady said that if she heard one more skrike out of the fiddle in her kitchen she'd do something desperate.

So we had to move out of the house and do all our rehearsing in the barn. And, I tell you, it was pretty enough. If you could have seen Maggie standing there in the hay loft, leaning on a bale of hay and looking down at Peter below on the floor, with her hair the colour of the bright corn and her face full of melting tenderness and delight, you'd swear there was good in women yet. And even Peter was coming on so that he could speak bits of his piece without looking every minute at the book.

"I would I were thy bird," says he, kind of leering up at her as if she was a pint of porter.

"Sweet, so would I," she'd whisper. "Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing." And she'd press her bosom with her little lily hands and melt at him over the bale of hay, with the wickedest glint of an eye that I ever saw on a human woman. I'm telling you it was a fortunate circumstance for the preservation of the conventions that I was there skriking on the fiddle as a nightingale, or bedam if I know what

Larry O'Toole bowed low to the film man and woman. I swept my bow across my fiddle with such virtuosity and vigour that I burst two strings

Festival at Kilmuck

continued from previous page

the end of that play might have turned out.

With the excitement of the festival drawing close, even I gave myself over to the seductions of the moment. I admit it frankly and openly, like a man. And certainly, on the day of the festival itself, I've never seen Kilmuck looking better. We had all the old ones at their doors in clean aprons with papal flags left over from the Holy Year. And the tide was in, covering the seaweed beds. And the rain was hardly falling at all, just enough to hide the great ugly haunch of the mountains behind us. And the whole able-bodied population of Kilmuck was drawn up in ranks waiting for the bus from Kilmallock by which we'd advised Miss Brenda O'Murphy, the famous film star, to arrive.

Father O'Brien was away in Dublin at a conference of the clergy, a fact not unknown to us when we picked the date of the festival, but in his place Larry O'Toole was ready to do the honours, already dressed as Julius Caesar, and the whole thirty-three childer out of the school was drawn up in a line according to size, waiting to burst out with the "Soldier's Song" when the moment came.

And come it did, huffing over the shoulder of the drizzle-drenched mountain in the shape of the Kilmallock bus. I propped my fiddle under my chin. Johnny O'Gorman upped with his flute. Aloysius Feeney, the schoolteacher, lifted his ferrule to start the childer. Larry O'Toole struck his Julius Caesar pose while Mrs. Larry settled his laurel wreath straight on his bald patch.

IMMEDIATELY the bus halted, a woman with a feather hat and a queer kind of a face that looked as if it had been enamelled peered out of the door, with a man's yellowy, pinched sort of face peering over her shoulder.

"Miss O'Murphy?" says Larry, swinging her a courtly bow, while Mrs. Larry picked up the wreath and put it back on his head when he was upright again. "Welcome to Kilmuck Festival, which I now declare with much pride and joy to be formally opened."

The childer sang. I swept my bow across the fiddle with such a wealth of virtuosity that I burst two of the strings. Johnny peeped on his flute like a blackbird in a hedge.

For that minute I thought the Destiny of Kilmuck was going to be outfoxed for once, and that the festival was going to be a success. But then I took a long look at the film woman, and I knew as sure as the two best strings on my fiddle were bust that it wasn't. For she had a queer, unsuccessful kind of look about her. And the man with her was worse, a willowy, soppy-looking kind of a little fellow, with a floppy collar, and the cuffs of his shirt sticking out of his sleeves as if they were six inches too long for his arms.

He and the film woman stood looking round Kilmuck High Street as if they were seeing visions. And, in the breath of silence between two verses of the "Soldier's Song," I heard him say as clear as a bell to the film woman: "My God, what a ghastly mistake we've made. The studio must have been out of its mind to send us here." Then he realized we'd all heard what he said and he tittered behind the woman's hat.

"By the holy," said I in a sudden rage, stepping up to him and swinging the fiddle by its neck. "If that's what you think, you'd better be getting back to your grand studyo. It wasn't you we asked to come, anyway—it was herself here." Although, to tell you the truth, if I'd caught either of them in a lobster pot, I'd have thrown them back without a second thought.

"Don't you touch me," screams the little man, "you big coarse brute," and he made a dive to get back into the bus. But that very second it moved off with a clattering of gears, and the little man missed the step and fell flat on his face.

Well, at that the woman let a shriek out of her like the whistle of a train and made to faint, and Johnny O'Gorman hit me on the head with the case of his flute, and Larry O'Toole came up and swung me round and smashed in my fiddle with a fist like a hammer.

"Get out of this," he shouted. "Get out of this festival, you dirty blackguard, before I have you murdered in the street and used for manure. You and your Peter and your fiddling along with you—get out of it!" He turned to the film woman. "Oh, ma'am, has he hurt your man at all, the poor creature? Is his skull broken? Ah, the brute. Notorious, ma'am. A murdering heathen, ma'am, and the scourge of the parish. Get out of this, Barney Foley, while you've a whole bone in your body."

And since the whole of the population seemed by then to have been misled into believing that I'd knocked the film man down with my fiddle, and to be about to revenge the imaginary assault on me, I decided to go.

"Since that's your attitude," said I, "then let me tell you I wash my hands of you, the lot of you, and your little sleazy, slippery visitors along with you. May they have a good laugh at your posturings and caperings." I turned round to the film woman myself. "I'm sorry, ma'am, if I seemed to knock down your little feller with the accidental movement of my fiddle, but it was entirely an illusion. And now good day to you, ma'am, and to you, Larry O'Toole, and may the remaining sins and follies of this festival be on your own head."

Then I withdrew, the shattered fiddle under my arm, and my head held high. I heard Peter trapesing behind me, but I didn't speak to him, for my heart was too full of indignation.

WE must have been near home before I heard the second pair of footsteps, light as leaves pattering on the road. And when I looked round, there was Maggie, trotting barefoot beside that big ugly strap of a son of mine, with the tears streaming down her face.

"Ah, quit your snivelling," I said. "I don't mind about the old fiddle; it was only made of planks out of a packing case at its best, and I'll mend it again. I don't hold it against your uncle, poor deluded imbecile that he is."

"Fiddle?" says she, with her mouth hanging open and the tears running into it like rain into a hole in the bog as if I was raving. "It's Peter and me I'm crying for, and the beautiful play."

"Arrrrh," says Peter, wrestling with himself to say something. But all he could think of was to clap his arms round her shoulders and snivel himself.

I had half a mind to give him a lick with what was left of the fiddle. But then I thought of that painty-faced film woman and the little slithery man along with her, and the pride and rage of the Foleys rose in my breast at the thought of being bested by trash the likes of that.

"By the powers," I said. "I have an idea. Come you into the barn where herself won't be bending an ear over us, and I'll tell it to you."

AND that is why Peter, me and Maggie were creeping in the shadows outside the parish hall in the dark of that night between sunset and moonrise: me with a sack in one hand and a handy-sized club in the other, and Peter with a length of old tweed cloth soaked in poteen.

"Wait till you see," said I. "It'll go like a dream and you'll be playing your Romeo and Juliet after all, and getting known far and wide to the magnates of the world. Trust me. Now, in with you, Maggie girl.

Meanwhile, I could hear the horrible screeching of Johnny O'Gorman's flute and then a burst of clapping that must have been for Larry himself, dressed in his best sheet and wreath, beginning to get murdered by the heathen Italians. While in my mind's eye I could see Maggie worming her way between the seats inside till she came to the film woman to tell her that Hollywood was on the telephone to Larry's Bar.

And sure enough, three long minutes later out she comes, beggaring and badgering poor Maggie with foolish questions about was it this one or that one asking for her, while the little fellow came after them, looking all excited.

Then Peter clapped the rag round her head so she couldn't see nor speak and I upped with the stick and tapped it on the little man's skull, since we hadn't time to be wasting on delicacy with him.

"She's gone," whispered Peter, letting the woman slide to the ground. She, not being used to our class of poteen, had no resistance to it.

"Into the sack with her," said I, "and do you lift her, while I take the little fellow." And then away with us like a band of poachers after a hen raid, skeltering up the road with Maggie bringing up the rearguard, peering and peeking down at the dark hulk of the parish hall and the silence of the village street. Five minutes later, we were safe in the barn, with the pair of them stretched at our feet on the earth floor.

"Sling the bucket over them," I said, "and bring them to." But at the sound of that the woman sat up with a screech, and that woke the little feller, who moaned that he was being killed.

"Upsadaisy with you, ma'am," says I, lifting the woman up by the slack of her shoulder and sitting her in a kitchen chair we had all prepared for her. "You're going to be privileged to see now what should have been one of the main attractions of the festival. And when you get back to Dublin," says I, "you can tell them grand magnates in your film studyo about Peter and Maggie here deserving a contract. Won't you, ma'am?"

She'd lost her hat somewhere in the course of the journey. But she'd got some chicken feathers from the sack in her hair in exchange, and they fell all round her face as she looked at me with her eyes staring and her mouth dropping open with terror and amazement. Maybe they didn't have these pressing invitations in the festivals she'd been at before.

"And do you sit quiet," said I to the little man, shaking the stick at him, "and pay heed to the beauty of the play you're about to witness. . . . G'wan up in the loft with you, Maggie, and let the play commence."

The pair of them sat there paralysed, staring at us with all their eyes. You could have heard a rat eating his dinner in the silence. I turned up the lantern so the visitors could see properly, and the black shadows went dancing and wavering round the walls and up into the rafters where the bats were sleeping, prettier than any theatre you'd find.

And there was Maggie, laying her little white hand to her dove's bosom above the bale of hay, and Peter down below screwing a last look at the book from his pocket.

"O Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art thou Romeo?
Deny thy father, and refuse thy name.
Or if thou wilt not. . . ."

"He won't," says I, whispering to the visitors. "He's a good, decent lad, even though a bit slow in the learning. . . ."

JUST then I heard them coming. The far-off, furious pounding of the feet of a great host of men.

"By the holy, Peter," I shouted, "they're after us! Bar the doors. Hand up the bucket of swill to Maggie there in the loft, and do you pour it on the first man, Maggie, that comes in your reach."

But it was too late. With a crash like the opening of the gates of thunder, the barn doors clattered in on us, and there was Larry dressed to be murdered in the Court of Rome, and the murderers in their sheets around him, and the populace of the parish in their Sunday best, waving blackthorns and cudgels and the legs of chairs from the parish hall.

"Get the blagyards," yells Larry. "Murder the kidnapping bandits! Destroy them! Feed them to the pigs. . . ."

At which point Peter up-ended the swill-bucket on Larry's bald head and obliterated him for a minute. And with that the paralysis that had held the film woman and the little man in their chairs dissolved in a fresh wave of terror, and, letting out a shriek they started for the open doors.

"Stop them," yelled Johnny O'Gorman, and Aloysius Feeney flung out his arms in front of them. I saw him go down like a cow before a train, and then someone hit me with a chair. But I still heard Johnny yelling, farther and farther off: "Stop them, bring them back. The show must go on."

Gradually the fighting dissolved around me, and I lifted myself off Larry O'Toole and took breath. The barn was near empty again. On the far side of it Peter lay flat on his back as if he'd been flung there by a wave, and Maggie was kneeling over him, patting his limp hands and smoothing his brow.

"Is he dead, Maggie?" I said.

"No," says she. "He's breathing. But not very much."

"He'll be all right," said I.

Larry was leaning against me, getting

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CHILD BUILDING

Watch him now, lightly placing
Brick on brick, small and intent:
An infinitesimal shudder would undo
His monument;
Turret and pinnacle and minaret
Now growing high
Would at a passing breath come
Tumbling down and broken lie,
Fallen the arches, and the bridges so
Carefully made
Shattered beneath the casual visitor's
Brief accolade. . . .
Little it means to you who hurry on
Your vigorous way—
But in that building all his little life's
Ambition lay.

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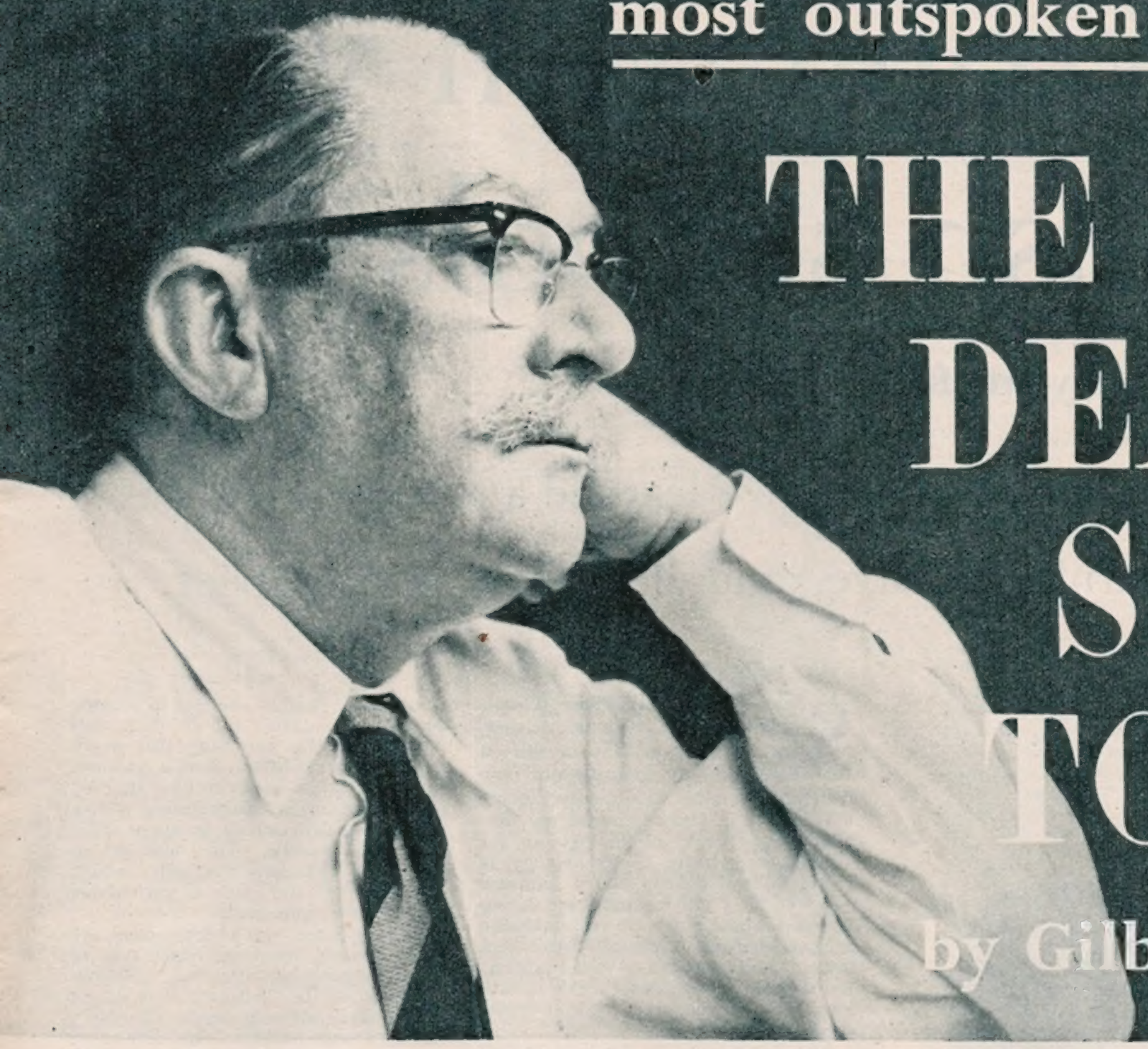

THE SEVEN DEADLY SINS TODAY

by Gilbert Harding

Pride, avarice, lust, anger, gluttony, envy and sloth . . . Of these seven deadly sins, the source and origin of them all is

PRIDE

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE of the United States was a man of well-known economy of words. One morning as he was leaving church, someone asked him what the sermon had been about. Coolidge replied "Sin," and to the next question, "Well, what did he say?" came the succinct answer, "He was against it."

There were probably more people "against" sin in Coolidge's day than there are today. In these times we hear too much about crime, and not enough about sin. There is a difference between them but we tend to get them confused.

Only the other day I heard a woman say, "It's a crime to waste all that food." She should have said "sin"; all waste is sinful, it is a form of ingratitude, but it is not a crime. It may be an offence, if not a crime, to park a car on the wrong side of the street, or to wander abroad without visible means of support, but they are not sins.

All people who have any kind of religious belief often find themselves in a dilemma. The Church says one thing, and the State says another. For example, a divorced man who marries again while his first wife is still alive does not offend the State, but according to the Roman Catholic Church he is living in sin.

Anyone who writes or talks about sin without realizing that he lives in a glass house is asking for trouble. As for me I live in a house of crystal so fragile that I dare not finger a pebble, let alone throw a stone. But I thought it might be a good idea to write about the Seven Deadly Sins, or capital vices, to which mankind has been prone since the beginning of time, and see how they apply to us today.

They are pride, avarice, lust, anger, gluttony, envy and sloth. They are all disfiguring to our human nature, and like human nature they do not change.

Of these seven deadly sins, pride, the universal vice, is the source and origin of them all.

Pride is no more, and certainly no less than the desire to show off, to assert in some way or another that one is better, richer perhaps, better looking, more skilful, more powerful, more knowledgeable than other people, and generally better than we really know ourselves to be.

We live in an age and a society more riddled with the worst forms of pride than any previous one. As man is on the verge of conquering space, the triumphs of science encourage human pride.

Proud nations judge whatever humbles their pride to be false. Truth is often sacrificed to national pride.

One gets tired of persistent American and Russian claims to have the biggest, best and mightiest, but are they any worse than the spirit which sings in "Land Of Hope And Glory" the words "Wider still and wider shall thy bounds be set; God who made thee mighty, make thee mightier yet," which has a hollow sound today?

Goodness knows what danger the world now hovers on the brink of, because one government stubbornly insists on testing its own already obsolete H-bomb.

General de Gaulle should realize that world peace is a much more admirable target than the satisfaction of national pride.

Whenever a nation throws out its chest and beats on it, there is always the danger that within a generation there will be nothing to shout about.

The present century has seen men thinking of themselves almost as gods, intoxicated by their own power. Such violent pride, which in our own lives led the Nazis to think of themselves as supermen and a master race can lead only to personal and social disaster.

But pride often assumes apparently innocent forms. I have been told, although I find it hard to believe, that people who are determined to "keep up with the Jones's" have been known to fix a TV aerial to the roof, although there has been no TV set to connect it to, rather than be thought too poor to

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An American tells us:

What's wrong with your English schools

by MURIEL BEADLE

For a year our son studied here—and we learned a lesson. Pupils swot facts before learning to live, and discipline is too strict

George and Muriel Beadle discuss their son Redmond's education with an Oxford don (right). Redmond liked our schools—apart from the lines

Redmond studies maths at Magdalen College School, Oxford. He found that there is a completely different approach to maths in England

SPENDING a year observing schools in England is—or was, at least, for my husband and myself—a splendid way to bring our own American schools into clearer focus.

We lived in Oxford, where my husband—a professor of biology at the California Institute of Technology in Pasadena and a 1958 Nobel Laureate—served as a visiting professor during the past school year. Our son attended a local direct-grant school. And I kept my eyes and ears open. What I saw and heard made more sense because I have long been a newspaper reporter whose speciality is education.

As a result—and despite the fact that our boy was happier in his English school than in the one he left behind him in America—we have come home so proud of the strengths in American schools that their weaknesses don't scare us half so much as they used to.

We made no effort to compare what the English call public and Americans call private schools. The systems that interested us are those maintained in each country to supply free, universal and compulsory education. These differ in that the English educate their bright twenty per cent of pupils apart from the average majority, in separate schools; whereas Americans keep all children together and try to educate the bright twenty per cent in the same buildings and even in the same classes as the rest. Consequently, as post-Sputnik savants have been pointing out for almost two years now, bright youngsters do not get a fair shake in the American system. They are not stretched enough.

Their unique role

That is generally true, as far as this pair of Americans can judge. We, too, want to see the brainpower of bright children utilized; hence we are pleased to note that our academically most able children are getting "increased attention." But we are now convinced that there are worse things for society than wasting a little brainpower.

American public schools play a unique role in unifying the diverse peoples of this vast and restless nation. They also foster in each child that sense of personal worth without which no individual can realize his full potential. These are qualities one comes to appreciate after living for a year in a country in which the majority of the eleven-to-fifteen year olds attend schools which tend to stigmatize them as second rate, which may freeze them in the social class they were born in, and which sometimes nip whatever youthful enthusiasm for learning they had when they started formal schooling.

This has come about as an unexpected result of the English decision to provide secondary education for *all* their children. In 1944, reasoning that every child who would benefit from a grammar school education ought to have it, they passed legislation guaranteeing a free place in such a school to every child who could qualify. They also set up secondary "modern" schools, which were to be—and are—a cut above their prewar equivalents.

Examinations, at a little past age eleven, would determine which type of school youngsters attended. Neither school would be "better"; they would merely serve different needs. If ever a scheme sounded as if it would give equal opportunity to a school-age population, this was it; but, unfortunately, many of those parents who want their children to attend a grammar school will not—if the child doesn't qualify—give the secondary modern schools a try.

Bribery, bullying

An iniquity in the system is that in a district poorly supplied with grammar schools the cut-off point on examination lists is higher than in well-endowed districts; hence children who fall in the middle of the lists can be assigned to either type of school. But even in areas where competition is not so keen, children whose parents suspect they are "borderline" are subjected to pressures ranging from bribery to bullying.

Of the examination they must take, Baroness Wootton of Abinger said in a February debate in the House of Lords: "It broods like a monster over every home in England in which there is a child aged ten or eleven or between seven and eleven."

In a lighter vein, an American woman living in Oxford last year remarked: "English mothers talk about the 'eleven-plus exam' the way Americans talk about operations. They're obsessed with the subject."

It is alleged by some English parents that the secondary modern schools have too limited a curriculum. This was not strictly true in Oxford; one of the secondary modern schools I visited offered both French and physics, and appeared perfectly capable of stretching a child of average intellect as far as he could be stretched. But it was true in a nearby country district, where the headmistress frankly admitted to one American couple that her school emphasizes gardening and needlework.

Having rejected this school, the mother told me later: "Goodness knows, Patty is no brain, but she does have to go back to the States to seventh grade next year, and I can't say that gardening and needlework will do her much good."

The secondary modern schools will

Tommy Fitzpatrick, of Oregon, does a sum at Magdalen College School. American pupils in England sometimes have to swot, at other times can loaf

probably remain "schools of failure" as long as the parents who could supply leadership and whose children—for social and cultural reasons — would leaven the loaf continue to buy their way out. The wife of an Oxford clergyman spoke a fitting epitaph when she said: "If the secondary modern schools aren't good enough for our children, chances are they aren't good enough for anyone else's children, either."

We have come home, happy in the knowledge that our son, however his adult occupation and interests may divide him from his fellows, will always have in common with so many of them the experience of a shared school life. Common schooling helps to give us a common mode of speech. And is it bad to give all children equal status, if in so doing we preserve their self-respect?

There is no doubt, however, that the English grammar schools in some respects—notably three—offer better education than the typical American school to children of comparable ability. Our fifteen-year-old son bloomed academically and personally in his new atmosphere; in no time at all he was rising in the presence of a teacher, taking pains with his penmanship and talking about "schedules" and "sticky wickets" as if to the manner born. He ended with an abiding affection for his old-school tie (black with red stripes), a vastly improved ability to use his own language, and two school prizes.

Better at English

Topping the list of things we believe the English schools do better than American ones is their greater emphasis on English composition. The English schoolmasters whom I asked to compare the achievement of American versus English pupils of comparable intellectual ability all said that Americans have their greatest difficulty when asked to organize ideas into a coherent pattern.

The English schools also do a better job of teaching languages. Both French and Latin are compulsory in most grammar schools; the school our son attended offered Greek as well, though it was optional. Since American children—of the type who would be in grammar school in England—begin Latin or a modern language at least two years later, and may drop either after two years, it stands to reason that English children are going to know more about these languages.

English children do not, however, seem to us to have a special edge on Americans in mathematics.

A maths problem

American schools tend to teach maths in "boxes": algebra in ninth grade, geometry in tenth, trigonometry in eleventh. English schools use the "continuous-flow" method, in which a given mathematical concept may be studied arithmetically, algebraically and geometrically.

Our son—with both algebra and plane geometry behind him—was a problem to his maths master at first because he didn't know anything about logarithms. But later he could coast: the class was by then deep in quadratic equations, which he'd had at home.

In the social sciences, such as history, a child's accumulated knowledge isn't especially important to his success in mastering a given course. The subject is taught similarly on both sides of the Atlantic. One omission from English schools is what we call civics. Whatever English youngsters know about the workings of their national and local government they pick up by themselves.

The physical sciences are no better taught in England than in the United States and may not, we suspect, be taught as well. Partly this is due to the fact that the English schools try to do too much. Since English grammar schools' pupils start to specialize in a particular field of knowledge at age fifteen, whatever science all of them are going to be taught, as part of their general cultural heritage, must be crammed into them faster than in the United States.

Our son, for example, took biology, physics and chemistry all at the same

American pupils find school uniforms, like these worn by prefects of Milham Ford School, strange. Girls are shocked because make-up is banned

continued from previous page

time—but only three hours a week were allocated to each. The closest he came to lab work in biology was to slip a slide under a microscope. To a great extent, in all three classes, the emphasis was on lectures, demonstrations and the memorization of facts. My husband was continually exasperated by the boy's inability to explain why any given set of facts was true.

I come now to three features of English schools which seem appealing to some Americans, but which our schools could not—and perhaps, in some cases, should not—attempt to duplicate.

There's the matter of the English teacher's more authoritarian role in the classroom, for example. This sounds great to some American parents—"the schools are too easy on kids these days"—until they experience it first-hand.

A twelve-year-old boy from Oregon came home one day "still paralysed," his mother told me, because a boy in his class had not seen the master enter the room and had not stopped talking fast enough. Wasting no words, the master strode up to the boy and hit him hard enough to knock him to the floor.

Smacked with rulers

"Gee!" said Tom, reporting this to his parents. "It could have been me!"

Incidents of this nature are not everyday occurrences, but many American children in Oxford schools last year witnessed hands being smacked with rulers and hair being pulled by teachers to punish misbehaviour, as well as the use of biting sarcasm to shame pupils who asked stupid questions or were slow to comprehend. The courteous attention which American teachers accord to each child—sometimes beyond a reasonable point—is missing in English schools.

In consequence, there is a subtle difference in the classroom atmosphere. Even with a good teacher in control, and however much the pupils may like him, there is a kind of unwritten alliance against him, a sporting desire to "put one over on him." This attitude puzzles American youngsters, especially those of elementary school age. They have been exhorted from kindergarten to be "good citizens," they've been exposed to self-government almost as long and they're accustomed to thinking of themselves as a team with teacher as leader instead of boss. Britons don't go for it. They believe that children should be governed.

An English schoolmaster who returned to Oxford last year after serving as an exchange teacher at a New York high school said it was a wonderful experience, but he "occasionally found the democracy a bit wearing." He still prefers benevolent despotism and the prefect system, in which students in the top forms are appointed by the headmaster to serve as his deputies and as a bridge between him and his pupils.

Our son still grins—though he's not as amused as his father and I are—on recalling the time he misplaced his gym shirt. Under similar circumstances at home it would have found its way into a school lost-and-found box, a notice would have been posted requesting pupils to claim lost items, most would have failed to do so, and the box would have gone to a charity organization.

At the English school, however, a notice went up on the bulletin board, to wit: "The following"—and our son's name led the list—"have lost personal belongings. They will call at the Prefect's Study by Thursday."

Meekly wrote lines

When our son went to get his shirt the seventeen-year-old prefect handed over the shirt and said: "Standard punishment. Fifty lines. Best handwriting. I'll have them tomorrow in break."

So our big (six feet), independent, almost grown-up son—who hadn't been "disciplined" in years—meekly came home and wrote out fifty times: "My carelessness with my personal property will cease."

Next day during recess, as ordered, he delivered the paper to the prefect, saw his name checked off a list and his fifty lines of best handwriting dumped in a wastebasket. Incidentally, his carelessness did cease.

Then there is the matter of school uniforms. American parents in Oxford heartily approved them—mothers of daughters, especially. One of them said that the best thing about being in England was that for a year she was being spared the emotional backwash of her daughter's dress problems. "At home, in Illinois, Carol sometimes changes her outfit three times before she goes to school," this mother remarked.

Gasps of horror

In English grammar schools, however, most American teenage girls—after a gasp of pure horror on viewing their uniforms, a shock which is compounded by the tragic discovery that not even sixteen-year-olds wear lipstick at school—adapt themselves happily to their new circumstances. American boys of eight to eleven, who wouldn't be caught dead in short pants at home, wouldn't be caught dead in long trousers in England.

Finally—and we wish it could be transplanted to the United States—there is the attitude among English teenagers that brains need not be a handicap to social success.

"My Ruth is making more friends in Oxford than she's ever had before," reported one American. "She's suffered at home by being held up as a good example by the teacher. Here, such praise doesn't hurt her prestige."

Some elements of this English attitude toward scholarship could be fostered in American schools. For example, the status of superior students in our son's high school might zoom if—as is the practice in his English grammar school—a half holiday were granted to the entire student body whenever a senior wins a college scholarship.

But, in sum, attitudes toward education derive from the entire community rather than from the school alone; hence, it seems unlikely to this pair of Americans that bright children in the United States will soon have status equivalent to their English counterparts. Not as long, anyway, as so many adult Americans use "egghead" to mean what teenagers have in mind when they say "square." THE END

Sally Sets A Problem

It was absolutely nothing to do with policemen looking young, said Sally; what made her feel really old was seeing her children's homework. The ten-year-old was a mathematical genius by her standards, coping with those terrible problems about express trains meeting at sixty miles an hour without so much as a scream.

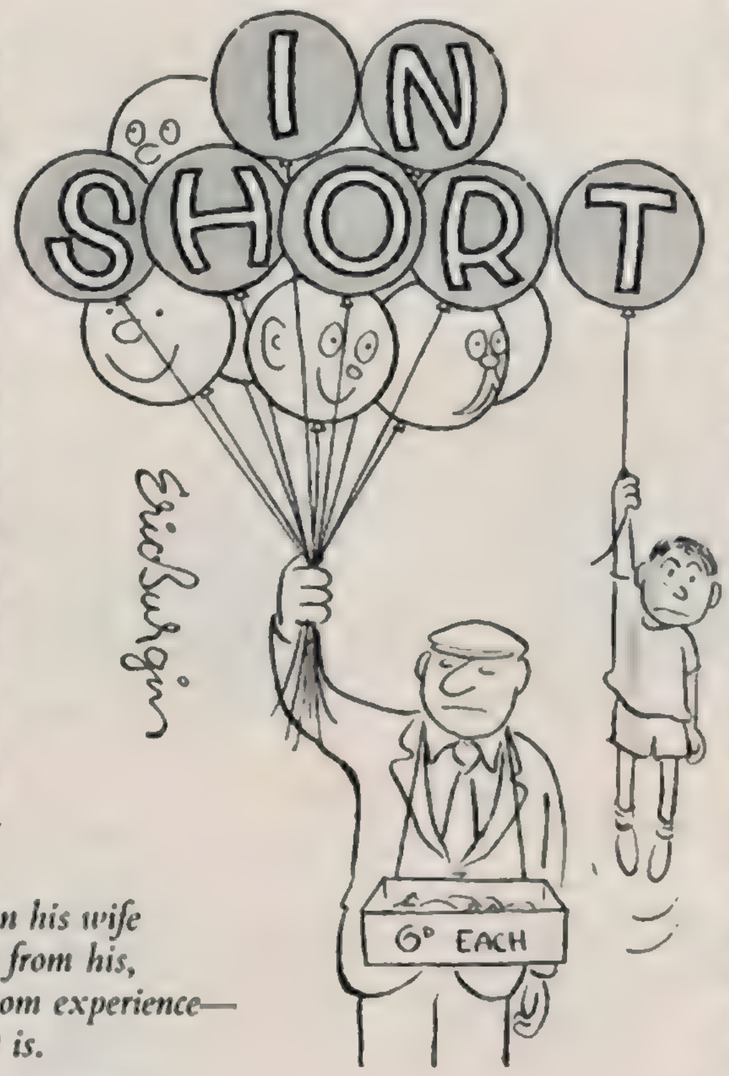
But to her gratification and consternation, Sally's help was called in the other day over a question of a bath being filled at the rate of a gallon and a half per minute from the hot tap and three-quarters of a pint from the cold.

Knowing she'd be hopeless on paper and judging practical methods best, Sally turned on both taps and then, pondering on it, went down to look for a gallon measure and the stopwatch. When she had unearthed the first from the toolshed and was still rifling John's desk for the second, she noticed ominous drips coming from above, and rushed out to find a small but powerful Niagara cascading down the stairs.

So now her problem was that if replastering a ceiling cost so much per square yard, and the room was twelve by fourteen feet with two alcoves one and a quarter by six, how much would be left over from next month's housekeeping?

The ten-year-old genius was still working it out. It was too much for Sally.

DAPHNE BOUTWOOD



Broad Basis

A husband should note, when his wife
States opinions which differ from his,
That she probably speaks from experience—
Experience at speaking, that is.

HAL CHADWICK

Dress Rehearsal

"Audrey, you must stop carrying the tea-things in and out like a guardsman doing a slow march. You're a parlour-maid in a country house. You're supposed to provide unobtrusive service. You must not distract the audience's attention from the revelations that Sir Henry's making."

"Perhaps you had better find somebody else if you want an invisible actress."

"I didn't say invisible. The audience can see how pretty you are without your stalking about."

"I am being dignified. After all the owner of the house is a baronet."

"When you say, 'You rang, m'lady?' you need not curtsey."

"Well, it's not everybody who can curtsey without falling over, is it?"

"Do try not to bump into people, that's a good girl."

"Don't you think the scene needs brightening up? I'm sure it will go better with a few laughs."

"Just you leave the business to the producer. I'll take care of that. By the way, why do you make that extraordinary face when you announce Lady Mountvavasour?"

"Because it's Mabel and I was at school with her, of course."

HOWARD BROOKES

History Up To Date

In two hundred years or more,
will visitors to our island shore
care less
about Shakespeare—Cromwell—Good Queen Bess?

What relics will museums hold?
Perhaps the Dockers' famous car—
Liberace's suit of gold—
or even Tommy Steele's guitar.

Awe-stricken tourists may be shown
where Bardot used the telephone,
and plaques record, in letters clear,
"Marilyn Monroe slept here."

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EX-FENCING Champion will pierce ladies' ears by novel instantaneous method. "I hardly had time to scream," writes Lady C——. JB 291.

EASTERN gentleman would like to stay with cultured English family to learn pontoon. JB 292.

PROTECT your floors! Olé patent grille snaps off spike heels as guests enter.

NEGLECTED Field-Marshal, erecting own victory column, requires circular staircase 200 feet high, good condition. JB 293

COLLECTOR, finding flat overcrowded, will sacrifice vintage Red Label tar-boiler by Higginbotham, late property Rutland County Council, perfect running order, if good home assured. JB 294.

A—— C—— plugged electric razor in wrong socket and extinguished five miles of fairy lights at M——. His bill was nearly £500. Insure against everyday risks with Universal and General Assurance.

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OLD EAR TRUMPETS can [illegible]

E. S. TURNER

THE GOLDEN DEED

by ANDREW GARVE

There was death on his conscience and dread in his heart. But he thought he was safe until he received this . . .

Threat from a stranger

HORRIFIED, John Mellanby gazed down. Three feet below he could just make out the death-pale face of Keith Roscoe. Then a spadeful of earth covered it. "Stop!" Mellanby shouted, seizing George Sherston's arm. "For God's sake, George, are you mad? We can't do this."

Roscoe had come into Mellanby's life shortly before, when he saved his wife Sally and son Tony from drowning. To repay, the Mellanbys put up Roscoe in their lovely home near Bath. Swallowing his story that he was an ex-major in the Glosters, they tried to help him start as a poultry farmer.

But Roscoe proved impossible—a bully, a philanderer, a reckless liar. When he received a letter that seemed to damp his spirits, he went to Mellanby and demanded £7,000. To pay off a debt, he said. And if Mellanby went to the police he would retaliate on the children—with a razor. The Mellanbys' nightmare had begun.

Then George Sherston burst into the house. George, with Eve, his lovely wife, was caravan-camping in a quarry in Blackett's Lane nearby. Now, furiously angry, George denounced Roscoe for molesting his wife.

There was a terrible struggle . . . until, to save Sherston, Mellanby felled Roscoe with a chair.

In the middle of the night a telephone call awoke Mellanby. It was from Sherston. Roscoe, whom he had taken to the caravan to recover, was dead.

At the quarry Mellanby looked down on the ghastly scene of burial. This was criminal folly, all his instincts told him that. But Sherston was adamant. If the facts about Roscoe's death came out it would mean prison. But if Roscoe just disappeared no one would ask questions. He'd *had* to bury him. . . .

Panic showed in Sally's voice as she glanced at the letter and said: "John. What will you tell the police?"

PART THREE

IT was an hour later. The gruesome news of Roscoe's summary disposal, added to the shock of his death, had quite shattered Sally at first, but she'd forced herself to put the horror out of her mind and concentrate on the dilemma that faced them—should Mellanby tell the police about Roscoe's death?

No decisions had been taken yet, but as a precaution—and to Mellanby it seemed half-way to a decision—Sally had gathered all Roscoe's belongings together and locked them away in a cupboard. Kira, their Norwegian girl, was still asleep, and so were the children. They'd have to be told something. The question was, what?

Sally and Mellanby, facing each other in the bedroom in a state of desperate anxiety, now had to make up their minds.

With an effort at calmness, Sally said: "The thing is, John, what would happen if you told the truth?"

It was a little while before Mellanby answered. When at last he spoke, it was as though the words were being dragged from him one by one.

"I think it's quite likely that I would be sent to prison," he said. "I didn't to begin with, but I do now. You see, Sally, we did take the law into our own hands. George could have gone to the police in the first place instead of rushing round here to try and beat Roscoe up. They'll say that's what he ought to have done. And I could have slipped out and rung the police when Roscoe was hitting George, instead of joining in. The truth is, we were both completely beside ourselves and went for him blindly, and the law will say we used more than necessary force."

Sally moved impatiently. "But it was sheer bad luck that he died."

"I know," Mellanby said. "The trouble is, the law goes mainly by results. No, Sally, I think we've got to face it . . . the verdict would be manslaughter, and we'd get anything up to five years."

"Five years! *John!*"

"It's happened to others. It could just as easily happen to us."

SALLY gazed at Mellanby with frightened eyes. "But it would be so utterly unjust, you've done absolutely nothing to deserve it. Five *years*! It's unthinkable. Darling, it would mean the end of everything, it would destroy our lives. We'd never get over it, we couldn't. And think of Tony and Alison. John, it's just too awful."

Mellanby was silent.

Presently Sally said, in a different tone: "And suppose we keep quiet about it all, what then?"

Mellanby gave a little shrug. "I don't see why Roscoe's body should ever be found. If we say that he left here last evening, while Kira was out and the children were asleep, nobody's going to disbelieve us. Of course, if inquiries ever did start, things might get very difficult."

"Are they likely to?"

"Well, you never know," said Mellanby. "Something might start them off. But at the moment I can't think of anything that would."

There was another little silence. Then Sally said slowly: "So it comes to this, if we tell the truth, we probably ruin

ILLUSTRATED BY BJARNASON

The golden deed

continued from previous page

our lives; and if we don't there's a good chance we can carry on as though. . . ." She hesitated.

"As though nothing had happened?" Mellanby said, with rare bitterness.

"No, darling, of course not; I know things would never be the same again. But at least the children wouldn't suffer. After all, John, we can't bring Roscoe back to life. What *good* would you be doing by telling the truth? What would you be doing it *for*?"

"For myself, I suppose," Mellanby said. "I believe in law and order. It's the only thing that makes a decent, civilized life possible. Either you have laws and observe them, or in the long run you're sunk."

Sally gazed at him unhappily. "You really want to confess, don't you?"

"I hate the thought of living with a lie all my life. I hate it more than I can tell you."

"More than prison?"

Mellanby nodded. "I think so. I'd much prefer to tell the truth and take the consequences."

"Tony and Alison would have to take the consequences, too, darling. Their young lives would be pretty well blasted. Isn't it possible that confession would be a bit of a self-indulgence?"

"I don't know. I suppose it would." Mellanby passed a hand wearily over his face. "Honestly, Sally, I don't know what we should do."

There was a little silence. Then Sally said, with deep conviction: "Well, I do, darling, I think we should keep quiet. You've done nothing wrong; if you've got to live with a lie, it's not a lie you need be ashamed of."

"I wonder," Mellanby said.

"You know it isn't. Darling, I'm absolutely certain that your duty is to say nothing, if only for the sake of the children. Quite frankly, I don't think you've the right to do anything else."

Sounds came from the landing as she finished: Kira's voice, a high-pitched laugh from Alison, the pounding of feet. The day had begun. Sally said, in an urgent tone: "John, we've got to decide. . . . *Please!*"

Mellanby got up from the bed. His face was expressionless. "Very well," he said. "We'll take Roscoe's things along to George and he can dig another hole."

Sally had to wait for a suitable moment to tell Kira and the children that Roscoe had left. As it turned out, the perfect opportunity presented itself when she went down to the kitchen. There was the fragrant smell of coffee in the air—breakfast was under way. As she entered, she heard Kira say: "Alison, please ask Uncle Keith if I shall boil an egg for him."

"Uncle Keith's gone," Sally said, "he left last night." As three faces turned to her in surprise, she added: "He was very sorry not to have a chance to say goodbye, but he had to make up his mind in rather a hurry. He asked me to say goodbye for him."

"Is he coming back?" Tony asked.

"No, I don't think so, darling."

"But, Mummy, he's left his boxing gloves and punchball. They're in the shed, I just saw them."

Sally said, "Oh!" She wondered how many other things they'd overlooked. Not that it really mattered, as long as they weren't things he'd obviously need. "Well, if he wants them I expect he'll send for them. We can't write because we don't know where he is."

"Perhaps he'll forget," Tony said hopefully. "It's a good punchball." He went off into the dining-room with Alison, who seemed to have taken the loss of Uncle Keith with complete unconcern.

The real strain was still to come. In the afternoon Sally packed Kira and the children off to the park. Directly they'd gone, Mellanby whisked Roscoe's suitcase into the car while Sally kept an eye on cook and the daily help in the kitchen. In the garage, Mellanby went carefully through the contents of the case. There might be some letters or papers, he thought, referring to appointments or commitments, things that could lead to inquiries later. But there was nothing of that kind at all—only clothes and other personal effects. He re-packed everything, and a few minutes later they were on their way to the caravan.

It was a sombre meeting with the Sherstons. Awareness of the grave in the bushes hung over everyone like a pall. Eve, suffering badly from reaction, seemed a bundle of nerves. Sherston was grim. There was nothing anyone wanted to talk about but Roscoe, and once Mellanby had confirmed his intention to keep his own counsel, there were only a few practical things to discuss. Mellanby briefly reported on the domestic position. Then, while Sally and Eve rested in the caravan and tried to give each other comfort and reassurance, Sherston took Mellanby back to the burial place.

"I'd like you to see for yourself that there's nothing to worry about," he said.

Deep in the bushes, Mellanby gazed down in horrid fascination at the spot. There was no doubt that Sherston had done an efficient job. Where the hole had been, the ground was now quite level, with nothing to catch the eye, nothing at all to distinguish it from the surrounding area. Sherston had skilfuly drawn some trailing brambles over the place and scattered some leaves. Soon, more leaves would fall, completely covering the grave. Mellanby gave a brief nod, trying not to think of what the hole contained.

"Where will you bury the suitcase?" he asked.

"Right here beside the body—it's the only place in the quarry where the ground's soft enough. I'll shove it in just as it is."

Mellanby nodded again. "And then what are your plans?"

"Well, I thought we'd move on tomorrow—Eve can't wait to get away. Neither can I, for that matter. This place has kind of lost its charm."

"I should think so. Where will you make for?"

"The Continent, in the end—but we'll stick around in England till we're sure there's not going to be any trouble. If anything did crop up, of course, we'd need each other like hell. But I'm pretty certain it won't. Short of that, I reckon the less we see of each other, the better. I'll give you a ring in a week or two, just to check up with you that everything's okay." He looked a little anxiously at Mellanby. "I hope you still don't blame me, John. I guess I *was* a bit high-handed."

"No, I don't blame you," Mellanby said. "If you'd consulted me, I doubt if I'd have agreed, but I don't know. Anyway, that's academic now. I've accepted the position, and I shall go through with it."

"Good man." Sherston gave a rather wry smile. "You're a bit of a dark horse, John, aren't you? Gentle exterior, but as tough as hell inside."

"I wish that were true," Mellanby said.

"Tough enough, anyway. Well, I hope we'll be able to meet again somewhere, all of us, when everything's blown over. It's been a rotten business, messed up a promising friendship, among other things. I can tell you Eve's going to miss Sally a lot. You know, John, although Roscoe's dead and buried, I still hate his guts."

With the departure of the Sherstons, the active phase of the Roscoe affair seemed to be over. There was still plenty to worry about, but nothing more to do.

On the surface, at least, the Mellanby household reverted to normal. Sally resumed her usual holiday activities with the family. Mellanby forced himself to return to his writing. The children were happy, and Tony's occasional references to Uncle Keith were matter-of-fact and free from nostalgia. No one else showed any interest in what had happened to Roscoe—he had left, and that was that. It seemed to Sally that the whole thing had already blown over.

Then, on the morning of the fourth day, a letter arrived for Roscoe—postmarked LONDON, N.1, and addressed in a precise and rather elegant hand. It was Mellanby who picked it up. With feelings not unlike the foreboding he'd had when the telephone had rung on the fatal night, he opened it and read it. It was as follows:

Flat 23.
Egham Court.
London, N.1.

Dear Roscoe,

I was surprised and distressed at the contents of your second letter, which I found waiting for me when I returned here today. The money I gave you was specifically for investment in the company, and as I gather you have not yet closed the deal it should still be in your possession in full. You certainly had no right at all to use any part of it for your own purposes; which, judging from your evasive tone, I begin to think you must have done. Indeed, I am now seriously wondering whether the company ever existed.

If I am wrong about this I shall be only too happy to apologize; but I don't think I am. I feel very worried and upset, and angry. I have been very patient, but now my patience is exhausted. The purpose of this letter

continued on page 28

THE WITNESS STATES

INVESTIGATION:

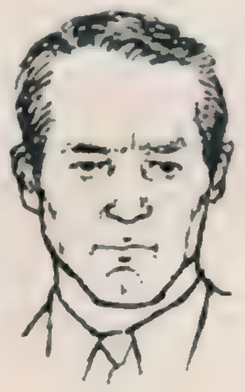
The alleged abduction of Maura Livesey, aged twenty-four, by James Kenley, a thirty-five year old divorcee. The girl disappeared on the Thursday evening before the Easter weekend and returned to her London home, weeping and bruised, on the Saturday morning.

WILLIAM LIVESEY:

I'm Maura's father, and if I lay hands on that swine I'll break every bone in his body. Maura was to have gone with my wife and me to stay with friends over the weekend. When she didn't return home on Thursday we were frantic with worry and told the police and the press. On Saturday morning, Kenley drove up at speed, dropped Maura at the door and drove off again. She was in a pitiful condition. The poor kid could hardly speak. You'd better keep that man away from me for the sake of his own safety.

JAMES KENLEY:

This whole thing is fantastic! Maura came to my Kensington flat on Thursday evening and asked if I would put her up. She said her parents wanted her to go away with them and she would have to meet someone they wished her to marry. Apparently she didn't want to marry him—you'd better ask her about that. Anyway, I let her stay. She was no trouble. She slept in the spare bedroom. When I saw the story in Saturday's paper, I got the wind up and took her home right away. She didn't want to go and I had to give her a shaking—I expect that's how she got her bruises. Is she claiming I attacked her? It's a public block of flats. She could easily have screamed for help!



MAURA LIVESEY:

Despicable lies! Ask him if he didn't meet me on my way home from work. He said he was going to emigrate and pleaded with me to have one last drink with him at his flat—we'd been very friendly at one time. When we got there, he seemed to go mad. He said he meant to kill himself, and me too. He sat up all night watching me, with a knife in his hand. The only opportunity I got to scream was on Friday morning, when he let me go into the kitchen to make coffee. I heard the newsboy dropping the newspaper through the letter box, and rushed after him. The boy didn't hear me, and Jimmy tore after me. It's true he didn't attack me, but he tied me to a chair after that—look at the bruises. When he saw the newspaper on Saturday morning, he went very quiet, and I thought he meant to kill me then. But he just bundled me in the car and took me home. Now I don't want to think about it again for as long as I live.

Turn to page 31 for the Inspector's comment

Professor Anna Aslan works in Bucharest's Institute of Geriatrics. Now she is in Britain to tell the story of H3—the rejuvenating fluid she discovered

A revolutionary drug has made cripples walk and old men young again. Now doctors wonder . . .

Has Anna Aslan found the SECRET OF LOST YOUTH?

by Dr. PATRICK RICHARDSON

THIS week, Professor Anna Aslan, of the Institute of Geriatrics, Bucharest, originator of the "rejuvenating" fluid known as H3, flies to Britain to tell doctors about her work.

Anna Aslan, who looks a good deal younger than her sixty-one years (she has taken H3 herself), uses the word eutrophic to describe the action of her drug. This means that it brings about changes in the direction of normality and better functioning which, for old people, can mean new life.

Fantastic reports of the wonders wrought by H3 have already reached Britain. A sixty-year-old Rumanian, once arthritic and unable to walk without sticks, goes on a mountain expedition. A once-famous opera singer from Odessa regains her voice, at the age of eighty. A man and wife of eighty-five and seventy, once senile and arthritic, are given back their happy married life in the fullest sense.

Our doctors are eager to hear more.

We are an ageing population. It is remarkable that although the elimination of much infection by modern medicines has enabled millions more people than ever before to reach middle age, the increase in degenerative diseases has been such that a man of middle age can expect to live only three years longer now than he would have done a century ago.

An analysis of medical prescriptions shows that more than half the medicine ordered by doctors now goes to the over-sixties.

Who is going to pay?

Indeed, the problem is so acute that the capitation method of payment used in the National Health Service may need to be revised, because soon there will not be enough contributions from young, fit people to pay for the time doctors must spend on the illnesses of the ageing.

One barrier that always faced scientists wishing to fight the problems of ageing is the fact that no one knew how to measure biological age. Professor Aslan has helped to smash this barrier. In her Bucharest laboratories low temperature was applied to a man's elbow and the reaction in the calibre of the limb measured as the blood vessels shut down in response to the cold.

Then this was done again, several times, with the difference that a bell was rung fifteen seconds before the cold was applied. Eventually a fixation of the reflex occurred. In other words, the sound of the bell alone, without any change of temperature, caused the blood vessels to shut down and the limb volume to be reduced.

In young people, Professor Aslan found, fewer associations of bell and cold were required to induce the fixation than in older

A centenarian does gymnastics, watched by a man of 112 who can now remember seven long-forgotten languages. Both were treated with H3 by Anna Aslan

continued from previous page

people. The number of associations depended on their vitality.

Professor Aslan had found a type of experiment that gave objective means of measuring the extent of biological ageing in different systems of the body and provided scientific criteria for judging the effects of H3.

The basis of H3 is procaine, or novocaine, an "everyday" drug which doctors and dentists use as a local anaesthetic.

Among my National Health Service patients is a man of seventy-six who was crippled with rheumatoid arthritis twelve years ago. By last winter hospital authorities had said that nothing more could be done for him.

I began to inject procaine. Two weeks and seven injections later, he was standing up straight, feeling livelier than he had done for a decade. Today, after a continuation of the injections, he goes out and about on his own and can fend for himself again.

There can be no doubt that the results obtained with procaine or H3 are frequently good. But just *why* they should be is another matter.

Dr. Hans Selye, of the University of Montreal, whose contribution to our understanding of the part stress plays in our lives has been compared to the work of Pasteur, Freud and Fleming in their own fields, says that among all the autopsies he has performed he has never seen a man who died of old age.

How old age kills

"To die of old age would mean that all the organs of the body would be worn out proportionately, merely by having been used too long," he says. "We invariably die because one vital part has worn out too early in proportion to the rest of the body."

In man, as in many other animals, resistance to disease becomes progressively less with increasing age, and the old are killed by causes which would not have killed them when they were young. A British zoologist, Alex Comfort, estimates that if we had throughout life the same resistance to stress and disease as we had at the age of ten about half of us might expect to be alive in seven hundred years' time.

At least we might have what appears to be our fair span of life by the standards that prevail in many other mammals. Generally, they live to six times their age at adulthood and twelve times that at puberty. By this standard the span of human life should be about 140 years.

Gerontologists — experts on the phenomenon of ageing—still want to know why we seem to be short by about seventy years.

They do know that the cells which make up our bodies derive their energy for growth, for renewing themselves and for the work they have to do, by means of catalysts, or enzymes, which enable them to use food provided through the blood stream. In ageing cells certain enzymes may be lacking which were plentiful in youth.

It is possible that the substances into which H3 breaks down on entering the body supply these ageing cells with raw material for the production of new enzymes. A whole group of ageing cells may be given back their ability to live and divide in a youthful manner at the site of an injection with H3. Then, by a sort of chain reaction, they may supply new enzymes and new life to neighbouring cells.

Many other approaches are being made to the business of putting new life into our bodies. Astrid Brohult, a Swedish scientist, has isolated a substance from animal fat which will start blood-forming tissues into action again after damage by radiation. And it has been found that radium burns can be healed by a substance contained in an extract of fat from hibernating animals.

Professor Paul Niehans, in his much-publicised process of cellular therapy, gives his patients injections of fresh living cells of organs taken from healthy sheep embryo. His patients undergo a test beforehand which indicates to Niehans which organs are affected by the ageing process, and he then decides which cells to give. Argument rages among doctors over just how and why the treatment works, but there is no doubt that in many cases his results are good.

Walking by graft

Similar ideas have been used to a limited extent in Britain. Soon after the war a Scandinavian doctor at Charing Cross Hospital, Tvoensgaard-Hansen, was enabling old men with crippling degenerative disease of the arteries to walk again without pain.

Tvoensgaard-Hansen grafted human amniotic membrane (the wrapping that leaves a baby during birth) into their thighs. This type of work has been repeated recently in Scotland with favourable results.

By virtue of their treatment it is often the most deadly diseases that throw light on new ways of keeping our bodies alive. Leukemia is now being treated by total irradiation of the bone marrow to destroy the white-cell-forming tissue, followed by the transfusion of fresh embryonic marrow cells. These migrate to the bone marrow, "take" life grafts and start growing normally—another case of new life for old.

Many scientists have contemplated the nutritional approach to a Peter Pan existence. It is thought, for instance, that yoghourt may supply substances which enter into or facilitate the enzyme systems that keep cells young.

A British researcher, Professor Ronald Tunbridge, is working in yet another field towards results which could vitally affect the problem. He is concerned with the common denominator in all the tissues of the body—the ground substance or elastic connective tissue.

This needs to be renewed frequently if youthful elasticity is to be retained in blood vessels, skin, muscle, tendons and ligaments. When elasticity goes, ageing begins.

Professor Tunbridge and his team are studying an enzyme called elastase which would strip the body of its elastic tissue overnight if it were not opposed by an elastase inhibitor. Since both occur in the body, another way of looking at ageing is as the outcome of the tussle between elastase and its inhibitor.

If elastase inhibitor can be isolated and made available to clinical medicine, we may have a substance to keep tissues young and supple indefinitely.

Then there is the vital part played in the process of ageing by our minds. The mind's influence on the whole body is through the endocrinal, or hormone system. If a person is worried or stressed, shock may be transmitted to the pituitary gland, which lies in the centre of the skull, attached to the brain.

The pituitary, in turn, can relay the shock through the entire endocrinal system and, in severe cases, produce signs of ageing in the body within a very short period of time.

On the other hand, a tremendous stimulant to the endocrinal system can reverse this process. The story is well known to doctors of the woman, severely crippled by rheumatoid arthritis, who was in the garden with her two young children during the war, when an enemy plane machine-gunned the district.

The woman picked up her children and rushed for cover. The shock had so stimulated the pituitary gland that her body poured out hormones and her arthritis was overcome.

Among others, Professor Aslan with H3, Niehans with his cell therapy, and our own scientists with their foetal grafts and their work on elastase, are well on the way towards putting back the biological hands on our chronological clocks.

One way and another, the indications are that by the year 2,000 many of us will be consoling ourselves in middle-age with a new maxim: "Life begins at eighty." THE END

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The life of the Duchess of Kent · 2

by J. WENTWORTH DAY

The day Marina found happiness

It seemed her years of strife were over. . . . In a glass coach she rode to meet her prince as London's streets rang with the people's cheers

PRINCESS MARINA's joy at coming home to Greece vanished all too soon. In December, 1920, on her return from impoverished exile in Switzerland, everything seemed as it used to be; the Greek monarchy had been restored by plebiscite. King Constantine was back on the throne.

The Princess moved with her father, Prince Nicholas, her mother and two sisters into the same large white house in Athens that she remembered from happy childhood days.

Within two years, however, King Constantine lost his throne for good and Princess Marina's family was again in exile.

The King's heart was broken. He died three months later at Palermo.

Luckily, Princess Marina had been sent to Britain with "dear Foxy"—her nurse, Miss Fox—while her mother was in Paris with her two elder sisters. At first she stayed at an hotel in Kensington; then she moved to Warlingham in Surrey.

She visited Queen Mary at Windsor Castle and her great-aunt Queen Alexandra, whom she resembled in many ways, at Sandringham. Both had written many affectionate letters and sent presents at Christmas to her and her sisters while they were in exile in Switzerland.

Prince Nicholas, who left Greece with the King, cabled to his wife and two elder daughters in Paris and to Princess Marina in Britain asking them to join him at once in Palermo. There the little family was reunited. Their old home had gone for good. Their fortune was confiscated. A republic ruled in Greece. For the second time they were wanderers.

Princess Marina, then a tall, delicately formed sixteen-year-old, looked at her parents and said, with a sudden touch of mischief: "We really needn't have unpacked our trunks!"

In modest rooms

When the train pulled into Paris with Princess Marina and her family on board they took a taxi. On previous visits a magnificent limousine had been ordered. The family stayed at a luxurious hotel; there were parties and shopping in the best shops.

This time they booked in at a little middle-class hotel near the Bois de Boulogne which had stuffy, cramped rooms and indifferent meals.

Prince and Princess Nicholas faced their arid future with dignity and determination. He took a studio at Auteuil, painted all day and sold his pictures at good prices; she, born the Grand Duchess Helen of Russia, set her heart and hands to help the thousands of Russian refugees who had flocked to Paris.

Princes and generals drove taxi-cabs. Princesses worked as waitresses, mannequins, midinettes or plain servants.

It was worse for the children. Uprooted from their native Russia, they were often crowded with their parents in single rooms. Ill-clad, toyless and half-starved, they were pathetic.

Princess Nicholas decided that she would give her spare time, energy and resources to help these stranded Russians. The jewels belonging to her mother, the Grand Duchess Vladimir, which had been smuggled out of Russia, and which she had now inherited, were worth a fortune. They could have enabled Prince Nicholas and his family to transfer to the Ritz or the George V.

Princess Nicholas put the facts

Princess Marina of Greece with her fiancé, Prince George. The Prince said of Marina: "She is the one woman with whom I could be happy"

With her mother, Princess Marina chooses a gown for her trousseau at the Paris headquarters of Molyneux, the famous dressmaking firm

The Duchess of Kent visits a children's park shelter at Battersea just before the war. Her taste in clothes marked her as a leader of fashion

continued from previous page

squarely to her husband and her daughters. She considered that she held the jewels in trust for the children.

Would they, and her husband, agree to selling some of them and using the proceeds to set up a home and school for destitute Russian children of all parties?

They agreed instantly.

Princess Marina was still in the schoolroom in Paris. She learned languages quickly, read Jane Austen and Mary Webb, and most of Balzac. She loved music and started serious portrait painting. In Switzerland, during their first exile, she had sketched landscapes and added little figures to them. Now, in Paris, she really began to paint people and take art seriously.

She often walked with her mother from the hotel to Prince Nicholas's studio to fetch him back to lunch; otherwise he would forget that it was time to eat and go on painting. Even at that age she discussed and criticized his work with the candour of a fellow artist and not just as a daughter.

"Marina's praise always pleases me," Prince Nicholas said. "She never praises something which she doesn't like and does not consider good."

She and her father often went sketching in the Paris streets, on the river bank and in the country.

The Princess had already developed good taste in clothes, particularly hats.

"She can put on any hat and look just right in it," her father once remarked.

She often adjusted a hat or a scarf on her mother or sisters because her artistic eye could not bear something that was not precisely right. The wrong colour or wrong shape of a dress really irritated her. She had little money to spend on clothes, but was always well dressed—chic in the city which invented the word. She could make her own clothes and alter things with original ideas.

They made almost any dress excitingly different without being *outré*.

To finishing school

When her elder sister, Princess Olga, married Prince Paul of Yugoslavia, Princess Marina went for a year as a boarder, from the age of sixteen to seventeen, to a finishing school run by Princess Mestchersky, who was an old friend of the family.

Princess Marina was homesick at first but she soon took to boarding-school life, made friends and thoroughly enjoyed herself. She studied the French language, French history and literature, elocution and essay writing, for which she had a particular flair.

The other girls voted her "a good sport."

She was allowed to go home every Sunday afternoon and evening, and her parents and sister Elizabeth often visited her during term time. She had a tiny bedroom to herself at school, furnished in pink chintz with a few photographs of her family, one or two of her own sketches and always some fresh flowers.

She had a taste for intellectual games and was particularly good at anything which involved geography. Maps and the globe fascinated her.

During the holidays she often went with her mother and sister to mannequin parades. When they got home afterwards she usually put on a few dresses, one after the other, and imitated the mannequins and the various creations which they had just seen.

This started an extraordinary rumour that she was going to be a mannequin. She had never contemplated anything of the sort. Had Princess Marina been born in other circumstances she would probably have taken up dancing and acting, with painting as a second string to her bow.

Meanwhile, the home for refugee Russian children which her mother had started and largely financed at St. Germain had grown tremendously. More than sixty boys and girls of all classes from two to twelve years old were being cared for. Princess Marina spent many days at the home.

"She always had a way with children and seemed to understand them instinctively," one of the helpers at the home said. "She could coax the nerviest, shyest child into peace in a few minutes. It was just the way she had with them."

During these years, Princess Marina travelled. She went over to England with her father and mother during the summer holidays of 1924 to see her sister Olga, who was expecting her first baby at White Lodge, in Richmond Park; the house had been lent to the young couple by Queen Mary and King George V. She got to know London fairly well in those days. She travelled on the Underground or went by bus with her sister.

She learned to know and love the everyday English people. Thus, her ties with Britain struck their roots early.

Her turning point

January 10, 1934, was in a sense a turning point in her life. On that day her tall, dark and lovely sister Princess Elizabeth married Count Toerring-Yettenbach in the private chapel of Seefeld Castle near Munich. It was a white and simple wedding with half the royalty of Europe, reigning and dethroned, to wish the bride happiness.

Princess Marina was happy and delighted that her sister had married the man she loved, but was also, perhaps, a little wistful for herself. Both her sisters were now married. She herself, now twenty-seven, was the only one left. Her grandmother had married at sixteen; her mother at eighteen.

She showed no signs of wanting to marry anyone. "I shall never marry any man unless I love him," she often said.

She stuck to it. The man had yet to appear.

Plenty of wealthy, well-born young bachelors would gladly have married her. The ex-Crown Prince of Germany had rounded up all the eligible young men he could think of when she paid a visit to Potsdam. Her sister and brother-in-law, Prince and Princess Paul of Yugoslavia, had filled their holiday chalet at Bohinj in the Julian Alps with agreeable young men.

Princess Marina preferred picnics and boating with her girl cousins.

Four of her cousins, Prince Andrew's daughters, part of a jolly crowd who used to romp together on the lawns of the white and sunny villa in Athens, had all been married three years before.

Their young brother, Philip, now Duke of Edinburgh, was down for school at Cheam. His father, embittered by his experiences in Greece, had decided that an English school, English values and the English way of life were best for his son.

As for his sisters, Princess Cecile was now the wife of the Hereditary Prince of Hesse-Darmstadt; Princess Theodora married the Landgraf of Baden; Princess Margarita is the wife of the Hereditary Prince of Hohenlohe-Langenburg, and Princess Sophie, whom the family called "Tiny," had married Prince Christof of Hesse.

Spiritual growth

A friend, who was at the wedding at Seefeld, said afterwards: "The starry look in her sister's eyes stirred something deep and, so far, unknown in Marina. From a lively carefree girl she seemed to have suddenly grown into wistful womanhood. Her face acquired a new spiritual expression. She read more, she thought; perhaps she dreamed. This period of sudden spiritual growth was a vital one in her young life, and she herself must have been aware of it."

About this time her elder sister, Princess Olga, who had married Prince Paul of Yugoslavia, began to think seriously of the marital future of her youngest sister. She remembered that on previous visits to London Marina had dined and danced with a good

After the wedding of the Duke and Duchess of Kent in Westminster Abbey, they returned to Buckingham Palace. Left to right: Princess Catherine of Greece, Lady Iris Mountbatten, the Prince of Wales, Princess Eugenie of Greece, the Duchess of Kent and Duke of Kent, Princess Kyra of Russia, the Duke of York, Princess Irene of Greece, Princess Juliana of the Netherlands. Seated: Lady Mary Cambridge and Princess Elizabeth

many young men. She had talked of most of them quite freely—but not about Prince George, youngest son of King George V of England.

Soon after the second sister, Princess Elizabeth, married her dashing young Bavarian count, Princess Olga made a sudden decision. Her young son had to go back to his English school, and she and her husband would stay at Claridge's. She asked Marina to go with them.

The afternoon after they arrived at Claridge's, Princess Olga took her small son and younger sister shopping. Prince Paul of Yugoslavia was settling down to a book in the sitting-room of their suite when young Prince George was announced. The two men had a lot to talk about.

When, at last, Princess Olga returned with her schoolboy son, Princess Marina was not with her. She had gone to the hairdressers. Prince George stayed on. They had tea. Prince George still stayed on.

Eventually, Princess Marina arrived. Prince George stayed a little longer. He was in no hurry to go.

Princess Olga put two and two together. She had married for love herself. Moreover, she knew her younger sister's sense of values.

Thereafter the courtship, a sensitive youthful attraction of minds and interests, followed the most human lines. There was no stiff precedent or royal protocol about it. They went to cinemas together; motored into the country; walked in Green Park. They laughed at the same things. They both loved pictures, good furniture, music, dancing. They met whenever they wanted.

Prince George was then thirty-one, slim, athletic, with a clear skin, intelligent eyes, a generous smile and a quick sense of humour.

As a small boy his tutors said that he could grasp almost any subject quickly, providing he was interested in it. His father, King George V, gruff, downright benevolent, a man who could never tolerate fools lightly, said that his younger son "had the brains of the family."

From his mother, Queen Mary, he inherited his love of pictures, fine furniture, works of art and a superb decorative sense. Had he not been a royal prince he would have made a career as an interior decorator. Yet he was no carpet knight, no drawing-room blossom. He loved dancing, films and jazz, but, equally, he could ride a horse, cross a stiff hunting country, shoot and take any risks that offered.

As a young man, the story goes, he climbed Big Ben, swarming up the scaffolding from the ground, outside the House of Commons one night until he reached the dizzy topmost face of the clock.

He went to school as a boy at St. Peter's Court in the Isle of Thanet, and when the raids began he sneaked upstairs from the cellars where the boys had been ordered to hide, to watch the bombs fall.

Captivating Charm

"Well, anyway, I can say I've seen more of the war than Harry," he remarked. Harry, his brother the Duke of Gloucester, was then at Eton.

One way and another, Prince George was the most travelled member of the Royal Family after the Prince of Wales. He had a captivating, easy charm of manner.

Lord Charles Cavendish once said to me: "You've only to be with 'P.G.' for five minutes to feel that you're the only man in the room."

The man who could hunt, shoot, collect china and pictures, play the piano and have a standing order with an East End music shop to supply him with every new piece of dance music, was also the keenest motorist of the Royal Family. He was one of the first men in Britain to install a radio set in his car.

He loved beauty. In Princess Marina he met the perfect complement to his own character, his own interests. In August, 1934, he was dining with a friend.

They talked of Princess Marina, who had so impressed them both.

"You know, she's the one woman," said Prince George, "with whom I could be happy to spend the rest of my life."

He stopped as though feeling he had said too much. Then he added, with the Englishman's recoil against sentiment: "We laugh at the same sort of things. She beats me at most games. And she doesn't care a damn how fast I drive when I take her out in a car."

He went down to Cowes and heard that she was staying in Munich with her sister, Countess Toerring. From there she was going on to stay with her elder sister Princess Olga and her husband Prince Paul, at their log-cabin chalet at Bohinj set on the shores of an enchanted lake high in the Julian Alps, in that old, fairytale feudal land of Slovenia.

He suddenly made up his mind and cancelled all engagements. He had a standing invitation to stay at Bohinj, so he wired Prince Paul that he would arrive about August 16.

Then he moved fast. He borrowed the Prince of Wales's private plane, took off—first stop Le Bourget—and flew on at such speed that he landed on the Yugoslav aerodrome at Ljubljana ahead of time. Prince Paul had not even had time to get there to meet him. So he took a car and drove out over the mountain road through resinous pine-woods.

At last he came to the wooden chalet by the lake-side with its outside staircases, balconies, gables and Hans Andersen air.

Princess Marina was on the terrace, "her arms full of flowers which she had just gathered in the garden, her golden-brown hair ruffled by the light breeze."

She did not expect him so soon. She walked slowly towards him.

Those who saw had no doubt.

Their engagement

During the next few days Prince George and Princess Marina walked the woods, swam in the lake and played tennis in the cool evening. The rest of the house party simmered with expectation.

On the evening of the fifth day they all played backgammon in the sitting room until midnight. Then, gradually, they went to bed.

Said Prince Christopher: "George and Marina were left sitting alone at opposite ends of the sofa. I had been in my bedroom for about half an hour when I discovered that I had left my cigarette case on the backgammon table. Putting on my dressing-gown I went in search of it.

"The door of the sitting-room was open. George and Marina were still seated on the sofa, no longer, I observed with satisfaction, at the opposite ends of it. I stole back to bed without my case.

"The next day their engagement was announced."

On the bright autumn day when Princess Marina crossed the English Channel to Britain she left behind the shattered dynastic hopes of her own

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It had to come—the year that robbed the gun hand of its swiftness. Had it come now for my father?

LAST TIME FOR THE MARSHAL

by J. R. MOON
ILLUSTRATED BY FANCETT

I STEPPED out of the cool gloom of Sam's Livery Stable into the sun-shimmering heat of the street, caught sight of the two riders, and froze. I'd never laid eyes on either of the men, but it made no difference. I knew what they were.

As they dismounted to tie their ponies to the hitch-rail across the street I slid into the shadow behind Sam's hauling wagon. When I risked another look, both men stood staring up at the sign which hung above the board sidewalk. *HENRY STAPLE*, it read, and below this, hand-lettered by Henry himself, *GENERAL STORE, SALOON, AND U.S. POST OFFICE, HUMBLETON, WYO.*

The taller of the two nodded, and slapped dust from his hat as he stepped up on to the walk. His partner, a stockier man with a stubble of coppery beard, stepped up behind him. On the boardwalk they paused to look the street over—a swift, practised gesture—and I could see that the clean, oiled pistols rode high in the leather. They had loosened their guns in the holsters before riding in.

That clinched it. We hadn't seen a gunslinger in Humbleton for quite a while—but here were two, and that for certain.

I told myself it might mean nothing. It could be they didn't know that John Briscoe was Marshal in Humbleton.

I wanted to believe it, but everyone knew who was Marshal here. An older John Briscoe than the one men talked of in every cow-town and trail camp west of the Rockies, true, but still a name that men knew; still, most likely, the best man with a pistol in the territories.

I leaned my forehead against the cool metal of the wagon's brake rachet and squeezed my eyelids together, as if, by shutting out the sight of the street, I could blot out of existence the men I'd seen ride into it.

It had happened before; twice, in my memory; trail-dusty men riding in from the high prairie to seek out, for one twisted reason or another—grudge or glory—the ageing Marshal: the legend; the man, John Briscoe.

My father.

I looked up. The two men had melted into the dimness of Henry's. I broke into a stumbling run toward the small jailhouse at the end of Humbleton's one short street. In the Marshal's one-room office, Dad was seated at his roll-top desk, writing some letter or other.

I was out of breath, and my voice came out louder than I'd meant: "Dad."

He looked up, without laying down his pen. "Hallo, son."

I took a couple of deep breaths, trying to match his calm. "Dad, there's two men just rode in. They're at Henry's. They came a ways judging from their ponies. The only thing clean about them was. . . ."

Dad's eyes took on a measure of weariness. "I know. The guns." He reached to the wall behind his desk. There hung the gun these men had likely come to test. He stood up, buckling the oiled leather securely about the flat of his hips. "Well," he said, "I best get a look at them."

I looked at Dad more closely than I had in years. I saw a tall, loose-coupled man, almost skinny and with hands which seemed too big projecting out of his frayed shirt cuffs. To me, he seemed little changed.

BUT the question nagged me: which is the year which robs the hand of that tiny measure of swiftness—that margin which makes the difference between best and second best? Suddenly, I was truly afraid for him.

He started for the door.

"Dad!"

He turned, patient but clearly ready to get on with his business.

"Dad, let me take one of the rifles and cover you."

For the first time the calm left his face. "You stay clear, Johnnie. I mean that, boy."

Before I could answer, he was walking towards Henry's. He kept his boots off the boardwalk, moving soundlessly in the deep street dust towards the side wall, where a door opened into the post office part of the building.

As Dad stepped through the door, I could stand it no longer. I ran towards Henry's.

The smell of stale beer and tobacco juice came through the open front door. I inched towards it, to a position from which I could squint through the murky glass of the single small window.

The two gunmen were there, seated at a table which faced the front door. Red-beard, as I now thought of him, downed a hooker of whisky and poured another. The taller one sat quietly, his glass filled but untouched.

MY eyes narrowed in surprise. The tall one was hardly more than a boy. From across the street earlier I'd assumed he'd be thirty or so, but he was barely past twenty.

A shadow stirred in the gloom at the back of the saloon, and my eyes shifted there to see Dad step soundlessly around the crook of the bar. This placed him directly behind the two men. Henry stood behind the bar, wiping and rewiping a whisky glass. His eyes moved from the men to Dad.

When Dad was clear of the bar, he spoke quietly: "Afternoon, Henry."

His greeting was for the proprietor, but his eyes never left the two strangers. At the sound of his voice, they snapped their heads around.

Red-beard made a first startled movement towards his gun, but checked himself. The young one's hands never left the arms of his chair. A cool head, that one. Too cool.

Seated as they were, the two were at a great disadvantage, and they knew it. Too, they'd been watching the sunlit street, and their eyes were unused to the shadow behind them, where my father stood.

Dad nodded amiably. "Afternoon, gentlemen."

They mumbled a reply and turned back to their drinks. Dad moved along the bar to a position opposite the two before he spoke again. "Been travelling far?"

The tall one looked up, and I could see his face more clearly. It showed no beard, no wrinkle. It was smooth, and winning, and innocent. . . . Until he smiled, as he did now. The smile held all the warmth of winter moonlight.

"Why do you ask?" he said.

"We don't get many travellers through here, since the railroad came in over at Winsted. News of the outside world is welcome."

Red-beard wiped his mouth with the back of a hairy hand. "We ain't no newspaper, mister."

Dad's pleasant expression cooled a little. "I see." He studied the younger man for a moment again before speaking. "I wonder, have we ever met?"

Out of so young a mouth, to a man of Dad's maturity, the spare answer seemed insolent: "Not before this, no."

"Planning to stay in Humbleton long?"

Red-beard scowled. "You ask a god-almighty power of questions."

DAD turned his quiet gaze on the stocky man. He had their measure now, as had I. The tall one, though young, was the one to watch. The second was just that: second in quality as well as in quantity. And he was restless under Dad's level scrutiny.

Dad let him stew a moment, then said without emphasis: "Asking questions is rightly part of my work. There's no offence intended." He paused. "And none taken, I hope."

His words jarred me. It seemed early to toss out such a challenge, even with both of them seated, cumbered by their chairs.

But Dad had read his man rightly. Red-beard looked down, as he picked up his glass, using his gun-hand to do it. "Just don't like people rootin' around in my business."

Dad loosened slightly, and the hint

The bullet smashed into Red-beard's shoulder . . . and gave the other gunman the measure of my father's draw

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My wife says that Hovis cuts so well and that there isn't any waste. There may be something in that, but if you ask me, she just loves the taste of it. So do I.

continued from page 20

of a smile crossed his face. "I see," he said.

The younger man had watched this exchange with a curious concentration. Now he spoke. "Is there a place we can put up for a day or two?"

Henry looked at Dad, and after a moment received a sign of assent—the slight lowering of Dad's eyelids. He turned to the young gunman. "Yes sir," Henry said. "It'll just take a little dusting out and some airing."

"Thought we might just rest up a little," the young one said. "Feel a lot fresher after a good night's sleep."

Fresher was something I didn't want them to be. But Dad spoke in assent. "No law against that, I guess." He paused for a moment. "If you're going to stay, though, there's some business to clear up. We have a township ordinance against carrying firearms."

Immediately there was open danger in the faces of the two men. Dad ignored it. "If you'll come by the office with me, I'll check your sidearms and make out the receipts."

RED-BEARD'S eyes took in Dad's position at the bar. Deceptively relaxed and balanced, he seemed to be leaning on it with his right elbow, but there was no weight on the arm. The position simply provided a natural reason for his right hand to hang quietly just above the worn walnut gun-butt.

The younger man saw this, too. After a moment, very quietly and with obvious harmlessness, he rose from his chair. Red-beard joined him.

"Which way, Mister Briscoe?"

Dad's eyes snapped to the young gunman who had spoken his name. "I thought we'd never met," Dad said.

"We haven't," the young one

WISHES—1

If a man could have half his wishes, he would double his troubles.

Benjamin Franklin

smiled. "But Briscoe's a name you hear."

"I'd like to hear yours," Dad said.

"Jaeger," said the other, flipping his hat brim with a forefinger. He nodded towards his stocky companion. "Call this one Red. It's all the name he's got."

Dad inclined his head towards the door. "I'll follow you into the street, gentlemen."

I was around the corner, flattened against the wall, when I heard their boots cross the walk and thud into the dust of the street. When they'd gone a dozen paces towards the jailhouse, I chanced a look.

That was when it happened. Red-beard stopped walking and wheeled to face Dad, all in one smooth motion. His feet were set, and his hand in grabbing position. His eyes held the uncommon lustre I'd seen in heat-crazed cattle.

"Don't be foolish, mister." It was Dad's voice, impersonal and business-like.

Jaeger stepped to the side, not out of Dad's vision, but out of the line of fire. He crossed his arms high on his chest, before he spoke to his companion. "Better listen to Mister Briscoe, Red." His expression held a faint amusement. "If you make a fight now, don't count on me."

Dad was watching them both. Jaeger stood motionless, arms folded, out of the line of fire. The squat Red-beard grew more tense, as if he contained a spring which was being wound to the breaking point.

Red's voice almost squeaked with the rage he was cultivating in himself. "Nobody takes my gun away from me."

"It's the law," Dad said. "That's how it has to be."

They stood regarding one another for a space of hot, dusty time. Then Red's hand streaked into action. His draw was fast. But while his thumb was clawing back the hammer on the upswing, Dad's slug smashed into his shoulder at the joint.

The gunman spun, slammed backwards. His weapon, unfired, dropped into the dust with a soft plopping sound. At the percussion of the shot, I blinked. In that space of time Dad recocked his pistol and had it pointing levelly at Jaeger's chestbone.

There was no need. The younger man had not moved. But there was an appraising look about his eyes.

"Red was almost fast enough, Mister Briscoe."

Dad studied him for a moment before answering. "Close doesn't count," he said. "Except pitching horseshoes."

Jaeger chuckled explosively. "You're the real article, all right, Mister Briscoe."

Dad said quietly: "I expect I'd better take your pistol now, and give you a receipt later. We'll need to get this man some care."

Without hesitation or haste, the lean gunman swung the belt and gun over to Dad. Dad took it with his off-hand, then holstered his own weapon. "Better give me a hand with your friend," he said. "He looks heavy."

The two-room frame building in which Doc Harbill lived and worked had a sheet-tin roof. Doc himself was tall, but he ran to fat. He was a man who laughed a lot, ordinarily, but he wasn't laughing when he came out of his "shop," as he called it. A flattened nub of lead the size of a finger-end lay in his meaty palm.

"Well, John," he said, looking at Dad. "That will make one less pistol-slinger in Wyoming, unless he learns to shoot with his left hand. That right shoulder will be stiff for good and all."

Dad nodded. "Thanks, Doc," he said. "Make your bill payable by the township. I'll pick the prisoner up later. I'll have to hold him for the circuit judge." He said to Jaeger: "I'll have your receipt waiting for you." He looped the confiscated gunbelt over his shoulder, as if to go. Then he paused. "Unless you're of a mind to ride out. You haven't broken any law, yet."

Without comment, Jaeger shook his head. I followed Dad into the street.

Jaeger stayed. There were no legal grounds on which Dad could prevent it. He had surrendered his pistol peaceably, and he bothered nobody.

Evenings he sat in Henry's and played cards with one or another of the local punchers. He drank in moderation, and according to Henry he won consistently at poker—taking no outside chances, bluffing only erratically and then doing it well. In the afternoon I would see him sitting on the porch at Henry's, reared back against the clapboard front in a cane-bottomed chair.

Without impatience, waiting.

Sometimes he would get his horse and ride out. He was always back inside a couple of hours. No one followed him, or doubted he'd return. No man of Jaeger's brand would go for good and leave his weapon behind.

AFTER supper one night Dad motioned me out to the porch. He stood at my shoulder for a while without speaking. The horizon was purple-blue and the stars winked brightly, right down to ground level.

"You're gettin' tall, John." He called me Johnnie, unless what he had to say was of some weight. "Fact is, you're near about a man."

"Yes sir."

He was quiet again. I waited for him to sort his words.

"John, you've been in town with me all week. What do you make of this Jaeger?"

"He's mean," I said. "Not just stupid-mean, like Red-beard, either. He's like a cat down out of the mountains, full of hate and fear all at the same time." I shivered. "He gives me a bad feeling."

Dad merely nodded at my outburst. Then, after a moment: "What about him? Will he run a chance?"

I drew on Henry's observations of Jaeger's poker style. "A chance, yes," I said. "But not a long chance." Then I modified that: "Maybe once in a

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Keep the water working

How much water do you use in a day? On an average, fifty-two gallons per person—quite enough to be missed if you didn't have it. Keep your water system in order, and it won't let you down

WATER has a hundred and one uses in the home. We drink it, wash in it, clean with it and cook in it. In fact, we would be pretty lost without it. But a water system can go wrong, particularly in the winter, when frost is its worst enemy, with the accompanying evils of frozen and burst pipes. It is worth knowing something about your system and how it works, so that you can avert disaster before it happens.

Water comes into the house through a pipe from a main in the street. There is usually a stopcock on this pipe in the front garden, and often another where the pipe comes into the house. You should know the positions of these and check that they do, in fact, turn off the main supply of water; if they don't, call a plumber. If you get a burst pipe you can then avoid a flood of water from the main.

From this pipe the water flows into your cold-water cistern, which is usually at the top of the house. This cistern supplies the cold taps, the hot-water system and the w.c. cisterns. It must be at a higher point than any of the draw-off points to give a "head" of water which provides sufficient pressure to force water out of the taps when you turn them on. In some systems the cold-water taps for drinking water are fed directly from the main. There are often stopcocks to be found on the distributing pipes leading from the storage cisterns, which are useful during emergencies.

Keep up repairs

Prevent trouble by attending to small faults immediately you notice them. If a tap drips change the washer at once. Drips will stain your baths and basins and waste water, apart from the annoying noise they make. Discourage the family from putting solids down the sink—congealed fat, potato peelings and tea-leaves will only block the waste pipe. A small strainer made of a milk-bottle cap with holes pierced in it will stop hair going down the basin at the weekly hair-washing session.

Investigate any flow or drip of water from an overflow pipe immediately, and if the cistern or ball-valve are at fault, have them mended. A constant drip down the side of the house may result in damp walls. Keep the w.c. pan clean with a stiff brush and cleanser, and do not allow anybody to put large objects or household refuse down it which may block the drain.

There are more detailed instructions for dealing with most of the small jobs you may have to tackle on this page and overleaf.

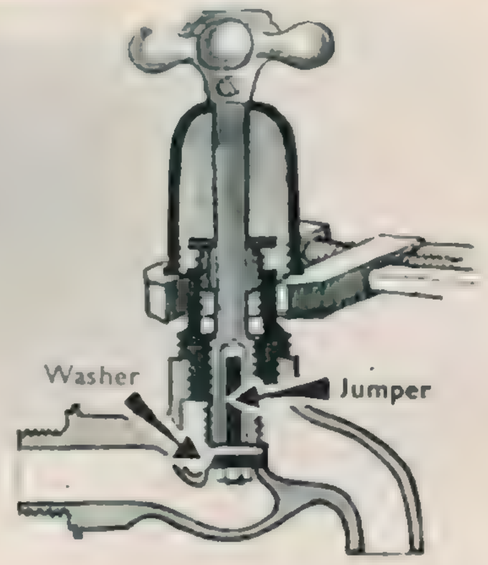
Winter preparations

Make sure that the water can run away properly from the house. The hopper-heads and gullies which take water from the waste pipes should be kept clear of leaves. Broken gratings in the gully should be replaced, as they will allow leaves and twigs to drop into the drain and may block it.

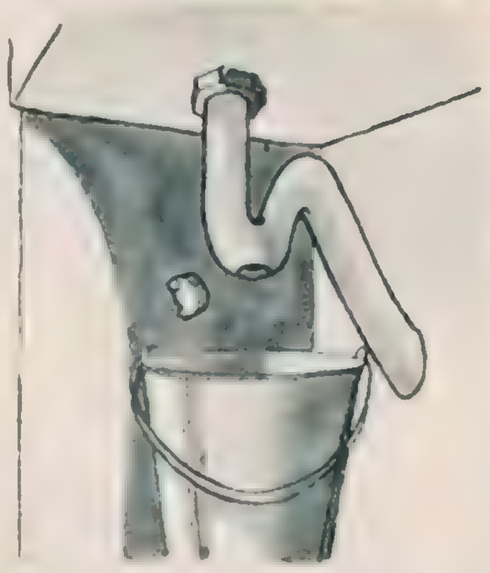
Before the winter comes upon us make sure that your heating arrangements are adequate. Pipes will not freeze in a warm house. Keep doors and windows closed to avoid draughts and insulate your loft with a blanket of material which is a bad heat conductor, such as glass wool or vermiculite grains, to keep as much heat as possible inside. Insulate the tanks and pipes, as shown in the diagrams overleaf, to keep the cold air out of contact with them. When using insulating material such as glass wool it is a good idea to apply it packed in flat bags instead of loose, as it helps to avoid the material getting into the storage cistern. Put salt in the waste traps of sinks, basins and w.c.s This will often prevent them freezing. If you leave the house for a day or two turn off the main stopcock and turn on all the taps to drain the system completely. This will prevent the pipes freezing up—and maybe bursting—in your absence.

Fitting a new tap washer

If one of your taps is dripping, or if it hammers or hums when it is partly turned on, you may need a new washer. To fit this, first turn off the water supply to the tap at the nearest stopcock, then drain off the water in the pipe. Unscrew the cover and locate the nut which joins the top of the tap to the body. Unscrew this with a spanner and remove the jumper to which the washer is fitted, and any broken pieces of washer. Unscrew the small nut which holds the washer, replace it and screw up again. Use a rubber composition washer for a hot-water tap and composition for a cold tap. This system of rewashering applies only to the conventional screw-down tap; other taps will require a different treatment according to type.



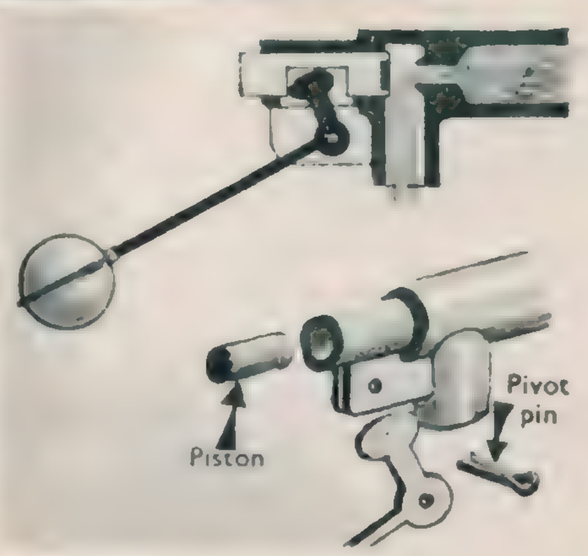
Unblocking a waste pipe



Wastepipes from basins and sinks normally have a trap in the form of a U bend in the pipe, which remains full of water to prevent foul gases rising from the drain below and coming into the house. This often fills up with foreign bodies which are put down the sink or basin—common offenders are solidified grease, hair, potato peelings and tea-leaves. To unblock the pipe try a rubber cup-shaped force-pump. If this has no effect put a bucket under the trap, unscrew the small cap you will find there and insert a wire spiral up both sides to clear the obstruction. When you are certain it is thoroughly cleared, replace the cap and freshen the drain by pouring scalding soda water down the sink.

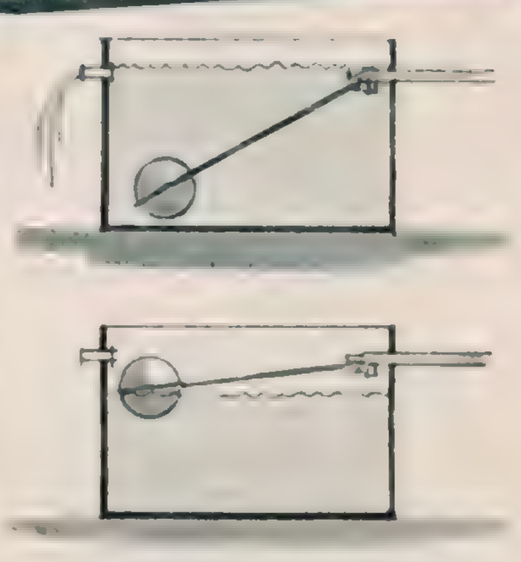
Trouble among the cisterns

Each cistern should have an outside overflow pipe. Any sign of dripping or overflowing should be investigated. As shown in the diagram, the ball-valve regulates the flow of water into the cistern by rising with the level of water and gradually closing the valve. If the moving parts in the valve become corroded or dirty the valve will remain partly open, causing the cistern to overflow. Turn off the water at the nearest stopcock and take the valve to pieces, removing the pivot-pin and piston. Clean both parts and the hole in the arm of the ballcock through which the pin fits. Replace the parts. The washer inside the piston may also need renewing.



Curing a faulty ball-valve

When the ballcock does not rise with the water level in the cistern the ball itself may be at fault. It may have developed a leak or it may not be screwed on tightly enough. To find out unscrew the ball, empty it and screw it on again firmly. If it still stays at the bottom it must be leaking and should be replaced with another ball of the same size. Put Vaseline on the thread for a watertight seal. Non-corrosive ballcocks made of polythene are now on the market. The water level should be one inch below the overflow pipe. You can adjust it slightly by bending the arm of the ballcock. Watch the overflow pipe. A flow of water from this may mean a faulty valve.



The tank's no trouble

COLD and hot water tanks often corrode, leading to "rusty" water, and sometimes even to holes in the tank itself. To prevent this happening, iron tanks are galvanized inside. That is to say, there is a thin layer of zinc on the inside surface to protect the iron from the corrosive action of water.

Unfortunately, however, this layer of zinc tends to be worn away by the action of tiny electric currents in the water, generated between the different metals in the water system—for instance between copper pipes and a zinc or iron tank surface. To prevent this gradual wasting away process, you can suspend a "Tanksaver" in your tank. This consists of a magnesium block, connected by a copper wire to the surface of the tank, which gradually wastes away by the electric action, and

Is this yours? This scale came from inside a tea-urn. Multiply by four or so and you have an idea how much scale may be clogging your tank

coats the tank with a protective calcareous layer. It does not taint the water in any way. When the block is finished —after anything up to four years— you should replace it. There are two Tanksavers, for cold and hot tanks

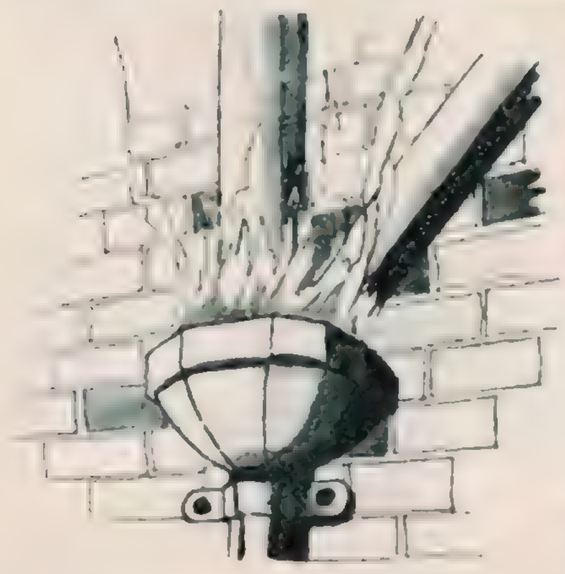
Scale in the hot water system in hard water areas can be prevented by the use of a Micromet. This is a small polythene basket of crystals which you suspend in your tank, to stabilize the water hardness and reduce the amount of scale deposits in the whole system. The crystals will last for six months in a household of up to five people. After this you must buy a refill for the basket. Micromet will also reduce corrosion in soft water areas, and has no detrimental effect on the water.

Another solution to the problem is to drain the tank and give it a new protective lining. There are several zinc paints on the market, such as Galvafroid, which can be applied to the inside of a partly corroded tank to arrest the corrosion and give the surface a new protective coat. There is a special type made for use in a drinking-water tank.

New, trouble-free pipes for cold water systems are being made of polythene. You can also have your existing tank lined with polythene. This makes a new tank virtually everlasting and lengthens considerably the life of one which is partially corroded. The advantages of fitting a plastic lining to an old tank are many. A new tank may not cost much in itself, but installing it may be costly. There are not many lofts which have traps big enough to let a tank through. Usually another hole must be made, and made good afterwards—a lengthy and expensive business. A plastic liner such as the Dood, can be installed within twenty-four hours, with no damage to decorations. It is purpose-made for your tank and has no effect on the water. At the moment industrial-sized tanks of 150 gallons and upwards are being lined with the Dood process, but a domestic lining service is being organized for tanks of 40 gallons upwards.

Addresses of products mentioned: Mapel Tanksaver, made by Metal and Pipeline Endurance, Ltd., Artillery Mansions, Victoria Street, London, S.W.1; Micromet, Albright and Wilson, Ltd., Domestic Sales Dept., 1 Knightsbridge Green, London, S.W.1; Galvafroid zinc paint, Secomastic, Ltd., Western Road, Bracknell, Berks; Dood plastic liners, Plastic Liners, Ltd., Design Works, Three Colt Street, London, E.14.

What to do with a frozen pipe



If you do have a freeze-up, thaw the pipes out with care.

First decide which pipe is frozen and turn off the nearest stopcock. Then, starting at the open end of the pipe, try thawing out the ice block with hot water, hot cloths, a hot-water bottle or a small electric or oil heater. If this treatment is unsuccessful, or if you cannot get at the pipe, call in a plumber. If a wastepipe is frozen try putting salt down it and hot water. Failing this locate the pipe outside the house and either pour boiling water over it or wrap newspapers round the pipe and light them.

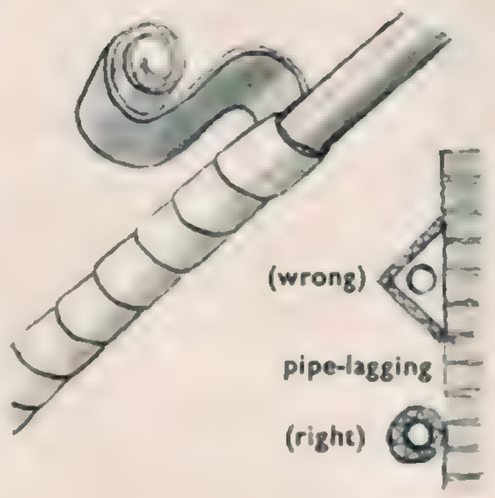
In this event the heat must be applied from underneath. It is a fact that 1 lb. of ice uses the heat from 1 lb. of boiling water to melt it.

ROGER SMITHELLS WILL HELP YOU

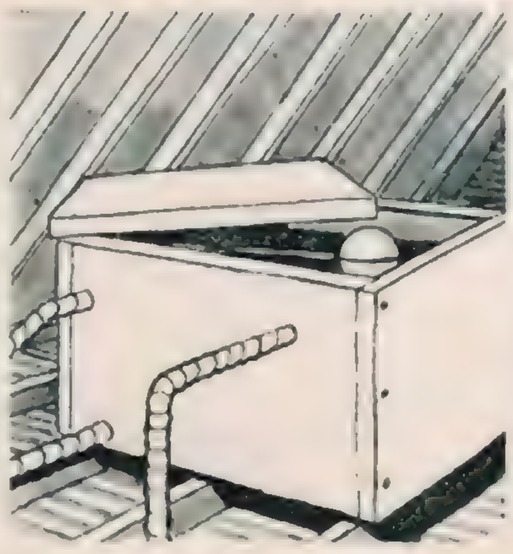
with your home-making problems. Write to him at "John Bull: Everybody's Weekly," 189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1, enclosing a stamped, addressed envelope for a reply. Send a rough drawing where this will make your problem clearer

Lagging pipes before winter

All pipes which are in exposed places should be lagged before the winter. Wrap them round with rags or sacking or ready-made fibre lagging to protect them from cold draughts, both downstairs and in the roof space. The lagging should extend the whole length of the pipe. If a pipe is against an outside wall, don't cover only the front of it, as in the top diagram. The whole pipe should be wrapped round. Pipes which lie very closely against the wall will have to be lifted off gently to do this. If the pipe is out of doors you should cover the lagging with roofing felt to keep out the wet. If the lagging itself freezes it is worse than useless. Don't neglect hot pipes. These are as much in danger of freezing as cold ones, especially if the taps are not constantly in use.



Winter overcoat for the tank

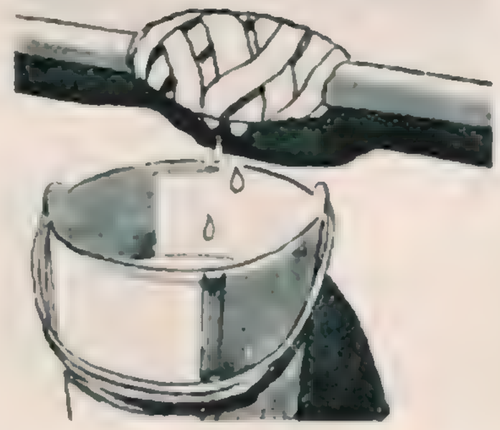


If your cold-water tank is in the roof space this, too, should be lagged. There are ready-made lagging outfits available made of expanded polystyrene, which looks like a thick, white biscuit. Or you can make a wooden case for the tank, large enough to leave an inch or so all round it, and fill the space with sawdust or vermiculite granules. The tank should have an insulated top, but the bottom should be left uncovered to catch the warm air which rises from the house. If you are insulating your attic, cover over tank at the same time but leave a space under it free of insulation for warmth to reach it. Lag pipes leading in and out of the tank.

Gentle heating stops freezing

W.c. cisterns on outside walls or in exposed positions must be kept warm to prevent freezing. Falk's Handy Heater tape, or the Warm-Glow pipe heater, wrapped round or laid along the pipe, and kept on, will keep the chill off the water. These heaters can also be used on other pipes which are liable to freeze, or wrapped round a tank. An alternative in the w.c. is a small oil heater, which can be hung under the cistern and kept alight all night. Keep doors and windows closed in very cold spells and turn off taps at all times firmly, making sure there are no drips. It is a good idea to put plugs into basin, bath and sink before you go to bed at night. This will prevent water dripping slowly down the waste pipes and then freezing.

How to cope with a burst pipe



First of all shut off the main stopcock or the subsidiary one nearest the burst, and call the plumber. Winter is the busiest time in his year and he may not be able to come at once. To save yourself from a flood while you wait, turn on the cold taps if the burst is in the cold system, and the hot if it is in the hot system, to drain the pipe. Wrap the burst tightly round with a bandage of rags and put a bucket under it to catch drips. If it is in the hot system put out the boiler fire and close the dampers or switch off your immersion heater. If the burst is in the hot water system don't light a fire with a back boiler unless the plumber tells you it is safe to do so.

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SCORES OF NEW MONEY-SAVING IDEAS

The seven deadly sins today

continued from page 9

have one. An innocent deception? Well, perhaps, but I think it is both futile and dangerous, and how bitter it is to be found out.

Another futile form of pride is that which some people take in their casual acquaintance with the famous or aristocratic. I remember an acquaintance of my mother's who served on the same committee as a lady of title. I forget what committee it was—it met only two or three times a year—but for weeks afterwards this silly woman repeatedly introduced Lady Snobbet into her conversations. "As I was saying to Lady Snobbet the other day," or "I said the very same thing to Lady Snobbet," and then as the next meeting approached, "I shall be seeing Lady Snobbet shortly, I'll mention it to her." In the end we called *her* Lady Snobbet.

This calls for pity

That sort of stupid pride is, I suppose, mainly irritating to the listener and calls forth little more than a sort of pity.

It is certainly not as bad as the pride which leads a man to deny his parents, his school, or his background. We all know the man who makes a bit of money, allows success to go to his head, and becomes too proud to recognize his old friends. There's one in every street, and his pride makes him an object of scorn and contempt amongst his neighbours.

But it may be a long time before he realizes what people think of him. The great danger in giving way to pride is that if we do it for long enough, we really begin to think our pretensions are well founded. Then we cease not only to know ourselves, but also to stand any chance of seeing ourselves as others see us.

A familiar and particularly objectionable form of pride which infests our society from the top to bottom these days is that of the persistent seeker after office. What makes Sir Pumpkin Battleaxe want to be an M.P.? Why is Miss Cuprattler so determined to be a local councillor?

They may be genuinely anxious to devote their lives to the improvement of society, they may be dedicated to public service. But for every half dozen who are sincere there are a hundred who, under the cloak of public service, are no more than busybodies pursuing empty honours to serve their own pride.

There is nothing wrong with ambition in itself, to seek honour and dignity is not evil. But to pursue it relentlessly and especially at the expense of other people is contemptible.

People of title, quality and position, should ever be asking themselves who the hell they think they are, to save other people from the trouble of doing it for them.

In *Julius Caesar*, Shakespeare has sharp words to say about those who with feet firmly planted on the ladder of success, "scorning the base degrees by which he did ascend."

I am always much amused at the thought of the incident in St. James's Street, when the essayist, Charles Lamb, was moved to stop a large, resplendently clad gentleman with the meek question, "Excuse me sir, are you anybody in particular?"

We are, of course, talking about the sin of pride. The false pride of the man who values himself for his possession of wealth, rank, power or superiority over his competitors. When it rests on noble objects pride is good. The pride of a craftsman in his work, or of an ordinary person in neatness, cleanness, and good behaviour is a virtue. And it takes little thought to realize that such virtue is the antidote to the sin of pride.

A man who took a pride in decent behaviour would never be guilty of one of the most objectionable manifestations of the sin of pride, rudeness to servants. The big man with the loud voice who shows off by bullying a waiter who cannot or dare not answer back, and the petulant overjewelled lady who likes to make waitresses and shop assistants feel uncomfortable, might be humbled if once or twice they were exposed to the sulphuric scorn which their victims are normally obliged to keep hidden.

In my own experience the really great, the people who might be excused some degree of pride in their achievements, are often the most humble. I am sure that Bertrand Russell is as grateful for his finely ordered mind, as Roger Bannister is for his fit, swift body. The one can think better than most, the other can run faster than most, but neither thinks that for that reason he is any better than you or me.

Lesson in humility

Another unproud man who might have every reason to be pleased with himself is Sir Malcolm Sargent. He is genuinely thankful for the gifts which enable him to give so much pleasure to other people, and is always insistent on the orchestra sharing the applause.

Professor Gilbert Murray, the famous classical scholar, once went to great trouble to trace a Greek quotation which he had wanted to tell me when I met him at lunch. Three weeks later he sent it to me, I am glad to say with a translation. I wrote and thanked him, and back came a letter thanking me for writing to him in spite of what he described as "such a busy and important life."

That was a lesson in humility for me. It is not always easy to avoid being pleased with oneself. Take the radio programme, *Round Britain Quiz*, in which I put questions to the London team on subjects of which I myself am wholly ignorant. I can read and often understand the answer which is typed out in front of me. Over and over again I find myself credited with a vast general knowledge, and the more I explain to people that the answers are already there, the more modest and unassuming do they think me.

As a small boy I was blessed with a remarkably retentive memory and could recite poetry and two or three of Shakespeare's plays by the yard. People were amazed that anyone could remember so much, and I confess I was proud of this ability. For years I went on with this party piece, until one day when I was nearly thirty and had been through my little act of recitation from memory, a friend of mine with an even better memory said quietly, "There were eight appalling misquotations, and you left out about six lines. Why not brush it up?" Most balloons are not so mercifully pricked.

Folly, then evil

Inordinate pride destroys our judgment and leads first to folly and then to evil.

An acquaintance of mine went bankrupt recently. He blamed all kinds of things except the one which I knew was the truth. He had been too proud to admit to his circle of business acquaintances that he could not afford the same style of car, holidays, lunches, drinks, and so on as they could, so he had lived consistently beyond his means. Bankruptcy courts see many men who suffer from this sort of pride.

If it has no worse consequences the desire not to be outdone makes us envious, covetous and much less happy than we might be. The same end awaits us all, kings, peasants, philosophers, film stars. The best runners get beaten, the best singers lose their voices, disease can lay low the strongest men. Ultimate defeat awaits the pride of men who believe that science can achieve anything. Even if they solve the mystery of life and the universe there will remain one thing that man did not do. He did not create it.

So if we have something which we can do better than others, if we are richer, prettier, or in any way cleverer than our neighbour, that is something to be grateful for, rather than to be proud of.

Poets have said most things better than other men, and if ever I feel an onset of pride in myself I know where I can find the cure, in a quiet reading of Gray's Elegy, particularly the few stanzas ending: "The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

NEXT WEEK: *Avarice*

WISHES—2

The stoical scheme of supplying our wants by lopping off our desires is like cutting off our feet when we want shoes.

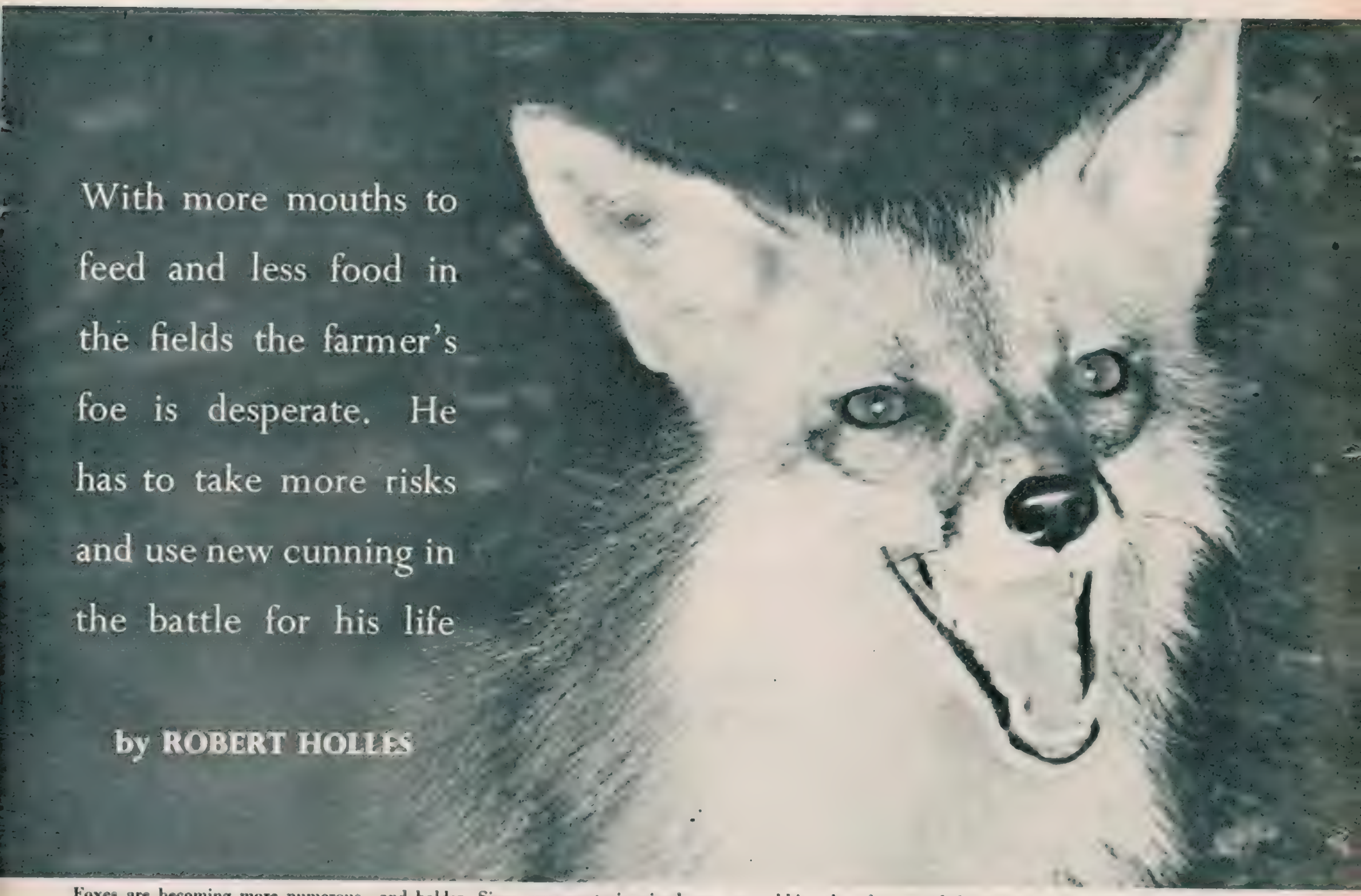
Jonathan Swift

Poet in the Garden

Green summer lawns are made by winter care.
Sweep up or rake all fallen leaves. The bare
Patches must be replaced by turves put down
On well-forked soil, then rolled in place. New sown
Lawns should be lightly clipped, old lawns made new
By dressings of coarse bonemeal. Mosses, too,
Should be scratched out (using a wooden rake)
Then spread wood ashes. Now's the time to take
Care of your Christmas roses. Cloche "hats" now
Will keep their faces clean and let them grow
Untouched by frost, unspotted by the rain.
Start pruning fruit trees, let no leaves remain
To spread diseases. Rockeries need care.
Protect the tender plants with straw. Prepare
For spring by sowing broad beans now. You'll find
They'll race and leave all spring-sown plants behind.

MARGARET STANLEY-WRENCH

The fox comes into the open



With more mouths to feed and less food in the fields the farmer's foe is desperate. He has to take more risks and use new cunning in the battle for his life

by ROBERT HOLLES

Foxes are becoming more numerous—and bolder. Since myxomatosis wiped out our rabbits they have raided gardens, seized pigs and killed deer

In February last year a big dog fox which attacked a fourteen-year-old boy was shot dead with a bow and arrow. At Dudley, another fox recently ran off with a cat. Last May passengers on the London to Sevenoaks railway line often saw a family of foxes playing a few yards from the track.

Since the decimation of the rabbit population by myxomatosis, foxes have become bolder—and more numerous. Wales, Cumberland, Cornwall, Cheshire and Staffordshire have been described by the Ministry of Agriculture as "infested" areas.

It was recently estimated that 40,000 foxes are destroyed annually in Britain by hunting, shooting, trapping and poisoning. In 1958 about eight thousand of these were accounted for by the recognized fox destruction societies which have recently been organized in country districts. Yet the sharp-eared, lean-muzzled bandit with the bushy tail continues to flourish.

The fox is Britain's oldest and commonest carnivorous animal, descended—like the domestic dog—from the wolf family. But, unlike these distant cousins, foxes always hunt alone, never in packs. Their method of stalking prey, too, has more in common with the cat family. Another strange difference is that foxes' eyes have elliptical pupils; those of other dog species are round.

Except when hunger makes it bold, the fox does its hunting during the night, and sleeps through the day. This nocturnal life is not natural: it has been forced on the fox by the persecution of his greatest enemy—man

This hostility is strongest among farmers who keep poultry or lambs. In 1939, an analysis of the contents of foxes' stomachs showed that sixty per cent of the food consisted of rabbit and ten per cent of lamb. In highland and moorland areas the sheep consumption was as high as fifty per cent.

They rob dustbins

Foxes are also fond of voles, mice, beetles and fruit, all of which form part of their regular diet; but in times of shortage, such as during the outbreaks of myxomatosis, it will turn to almost anything. Small suckling pigs, dogs, cats and roe deer have all helped to fill the gap.

Foxes have been seen nosing in dustbins and nibbling strawberries in cultivated gardens. Recently an angler who left his catch of trout lying unattended for a few minutes on a river bank returned to find a fox busy devouring them.

At Chumleigh, Devon, at the height of the myxomatosis epidemic, a cow fought off four foxes attacking her calf, and held them at bay until a farmer arrived with a gun.

Perhaps the most unlovable trait of foxes is their habit of breaking into a poultry-house, slaying all the inhabitants and taking away only one of the victims. This apparently useless slaughter is probably an inbred habit; normally the fox buries the food it cannot eat and returns for it later. But when it does so, the job is so scamped and slipshod that by the time the fox returns, some other animal has usually found and eaten it.

Some poultry-keepers protect their stock by hanging a chain from their chicken-houses at night. Foxes have an instinctive fear of metal, and the chain keeps them at a distance. A century ago many farmers used to put minced foxmeat into their chicken meal. They claimed that foxes would never touch a fowl which smelled even remotely of their own kind.

The smell of a fox is, in fact, pungent and unmistakable. It comes from powerful scent glands under the tail which emit a musky odour when the animal is startled. This quality—which is shared with the skunk and a few other creatures—explains why the fox is so suitable for hunting with hounds, and also why it doesn't make a very satisfactory pet. Apart from the smell, pet foxes never show the same affection and obedience to their masters as dogs, and if allowed to roam free they soon return to the wild state.

Only one way out

A fox will normally make its earth out of a disused rabbit warren or badger set; if none is available it will reluctantly set to and dig one itself. There is only one exit—in a rabbit warren the others are blocked up when a fox takes over—and it is usually hidden in thick cover.

The mating season is in January—about the only time of year when the fox makes itself heard. Country people with insomnia will be well acquainted with the short sharp yelp of the dog fox, repeated two or three times. The vixen answers with a ghastly noise like a woman screaming. Unlike most wild animals, dog foxes make faithful husbands. They will mate with one vixen

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. . . FOR THE POPULAR

'GIN AND ORANGE'

The popularity of this homely drink never wavers . . . and here's the simple recipe: Half fill shaker with ice and add half a measure of Gordon's* Dry Gin and half a measure of Orange Squash; shake well and strain into a cocktail glass. If preferred as a long drink—add soda or tonic water to taste.

*ASK FOR IT BY NAME

Gordon's

Stands Supreme

continued from previous page

for life; if the vixen dies first, the dog will rarely look for another mate.

Three to five cubs are born to each fox family in April; they resemble small, sooty puppies and are blind for ten days. The vixen feeds them until July, when the parents take them out into the woods to catch moles and mice. Later they graduate to bigger victims, and perhaps young pheasants sleeping out in the fields.

It is while the cubs need feeding that the adult foxes become bold enough to rob farms in daylight. But they seldom take poultry from their immediate vicinity. One farmer in Shropshire found a fox earth, occupied by an adult pair and three cubs, in his chicken run.

The entrance was littered with feathers and chicken bones, but the farmer himself hadn't lost a single bird from his run.

Living with rabbits

This may be an instinct for self-preservation. Yet foxes often spare the prey nearest to them. They have frequently been found sharing a home with a colony of rabbits.

Foxes are certainly the wiliest and most intelligent of British wild animals. For centuries it has been said that they rid themselves of fleas by collecting a mouthful of sheeps' wool from a barbed wire fence and then wade into a stream, gradually immersing themselves in the water until only the tips of their noses, and the wool, are showing above the surface.

When all the fleas have climbed on to the wool to escape drowning, the fox will release it and run off.

This power of reasoning is also evident in the way a fox will deal with a hedgehog, which it considers a special delicacy.

If one is found near a pond or a stream, the fox will carefully roll it into the water. When the hedgehog tries to swim away, the fox will grab it by the soft underbelly.

But it is during the chase that foxes

show their most inventive turn of mind. In order to confuse the hounds following their scent, they have been known to run through flocks of sheep, swim down streams before crossing them, put up hares from their seats and stop in full flight to roll in a heap of manure.

In open country a hunted fox can travel at nearly 45 m.p.h. Some hunts have had runs of up to twelve miles before making their kill.

It isn't always the fox which comes off worst. In Gloucestershire a few years ago, a fox led a pack of hounds over a cliff, killing ten of them. The fox clung to a bush just below the cliff edge and escaped. Last December the driver of an electric train travelling from Victoria to Brighton was startled to see a large, russet-brown fox jump carefully over two electrified rails just in front of an oncoming train. The fox ran up the farther side of the cutting and disappeared. A few seconds later a group of hounds burst through a fence in pursuit, and rolled down the bank on to the line. Five were killed.

In spite of the moral arguments put forward by opponents of hunting, it is possible that the fox itself would be worse off if the practice was banned; it would lose the protection of the hunts. Some naturalists consider that without this, foxes would be treated as vermin, and their slaughter by other methods would increase substantially. They would probably meet the fate of the wildcat—once numerous in Britain, but now found only in remote regions.

It is a curious fact that many hunted foxes seek refuge among human beings. One walked into a parish church in the middle of a service. Another ran on to the field during a football match at Dover.

Once a man who was out for a walk in the country heard the sounds of the local hunt in the distance. Suddenly he noticed a fox trotting along at his heels like a spaniel. THE END

The golden deed

continued from page 14

is to tell you that I expect the return of the £7,000 in full and immediately. I will accept no excuses. If I do not receive your cheque by first post on Friday morning, I shall go at once to the police and ask for your apprehension on a charge of false pretences and fraud.

CHARLES E. FAULKNER.

Mellanby went straight to his study and dropped into a chair. The crisis they were now suddenly plunged into was more acute and dangerous than anything he had imagined.

It didn't help that he probably ought to have foreseen it. The danger had been signalled with that first letter Roscoe had received, and Mellanby blamed himself fiercely for not having given it more thought, once Colonel Lancaster had been exposed as an invention. After all, *someone* had written an upsetting letter. Roscoe's story about Lancaster had been bogus, but his anxiety hadn't been. He *had* owed £7,000 which he couldn't repay—but he'd owed it to this man Faulkner.

Now everything was plain. That first letter, the one he'd so wisely thrown away, had no doubt asked for the money back—or at least for some accounting. Roscoe, desperate to stave off the reckoning, had first come to Mellanby with his phoney story and his appeal for help—and, when that hadn't worked, he'd resorted to crude menace. The driving force behind his fantastic behaviour was suddenly clear. What wasn't clear was how this new and appallingly imminent danger was to be met. . . .

Mellanby was still groping for an answer when Sally came in search of him. His withdrawal at so early an hour was unusual, and she'd guessed that something had happened. She glanced over his shoulder at the letter. "What is it, John? Bad news?"

"Very bad, I'm afraid." He passed it to her.

She read it through twice, slowly.

"So he did owe money," she said in a flat voice, handing the letter back.

"Yes."

"And if this man Faulkner tells the police about him, I suppose they'll come here?"

"They're bound to. It was Roscoe's last known address."

Sally looked at the letter again. "He says Friday. Friday is tomorrow."

"Yes."

"John! What will you tell the police?" There was panic in her voice now. "You said if inquiries ever started. . . ."

Mellanby nodded. "It's still true; we simply can't afford any inquiries. Imagine the questions they'd ask. . . . Where did he say he was going to? Did he go by train? What train did he catch? Did he take a taxi or did you drive him to the station? Did you see him off? What luggage had he? How was he dressed? Did you know he was a crook? Did he try to borrow any money from you? How did you get on with him? And so on. All of them awkward. All of them full of pitfalls."

"I can see they'd be awkward," Sally said, "but surely we could make up a watertight story between us. He told us he was going to Sussex but he didn't tell us where; that's what we've said already. He hadn't a car, so of course he'd have had to go by train. He caught the eight o'clock to London. You drove him to the station. He was wearing his grey suit and carrying his brown case. You didn't wait to see him off. You hadn't very much liked him—you'd have to say that because Kira would know; but you didn't realize he was a crook. . . . Wouldn't that be all right? After all, I don't see why they should suspect *us* of anything."

"They wouldn't at first, Sally, but it wouldn't be long before they did. . . . They'd start by checking up on his movements, to make sure he really did go to London. They'd go to the station and they'd find that no one had seen him. With a man as striking as Roscoe, that would seem pretty odd. They'd talk to the porters in the yard and discover that no one had seen my car."

He paused for a moment, then said: "Soon they'd come back and ask more questions and probably tangle us up. We'd be caught in a web in no time. Whatever story we told, they'd be able to disprove it. Then they'd really start ferreting around. They'd question the neighbours. Someone might have heard me drive off in the early hours. They'd want to know where I went, and why. They'd learn about the caravan."

"Only if you told them."

"They'd get on to it anyway, Sally, sooner or later. Jack Reed saw Roscoe there when he went along with the breakdown van, so did his men. And people talk. The police would soon discover the connection. When they found that Roscoe had completely disappeared, they'd investigate everything; they'd never let go. Honestly, Sally, it's madness to think along these lines—especially after we've kept quiet so long. If the facts were to come out now, George and I might really be finished. The charge could easily be murder."

Sally stared at him, white-faced. "Then what *are* we going to do?"

"Well, I've been thinking. Somehow we've got to stop the police coming, and I believe I know how it might be done. I'll have to see

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The golden deed

continued from page 28

Faulkner, and I'll have to see him today." Briefly, he told Sally what was in his mind. "Is his telephone number on the letter?"

"Yes, Highgate 031."

"Then I'll ring him right away," Mellanby said. "If he's a decent chap, it may work."

It was close on three o'clock that afternoon when Mellanby's taxi drew up outside the modern block of flats in Highgate where Charles Faulkner lived. Flat 23, the porter told him, was on the third floor. Mellanby walked up, drawing out the last moments before the fateful interview.

An elderly, rather frail-looking man, with a deeply lined face and snow-white hair, opened the door. For a moment he inspected his visitor through the upper lenses of a pair of bifocals. "Mr. Mellanby?" he said. His voice was cultured, and much more vigorous than his appearance.

Mellanby nodded.

"Do come in, won't you?" Faulkner turned and led the way into a small but pleasantly furnished sitting-room with a fine open view. There was an attractive seascape on the wall opposite the window, and below it, on a little table, a three-master in a bottle. "You'll find that chair quite comfortable."

Mellanby sat down, with a word of thanks. The old man took a chair opposite him. There was something almost spinsterish about his prim neatness, yet in an odd way he had an air of authority. "Well, now, you said you wanted to talk to me about Keith Roscoe. What is it, Mr. Mellanby?"

Mellanby came straight to the point. "Roscoe has been staying at my home in Bath for a week or two as my guest," he said: "This morning he showed me a letter he'd just received from you. I gather he owes you seven thousand pounds."

"He does, indeed."

"Well, I've come to see you to settle his debt."

The old man blinked. "You mean, Roscoe has sent the money?"

"No. I mean that I should like to pay it for him."

Faulkner stared at him in astonishment. "Why on earth should you do that?"

"It's very simple, Mr. Faulkner. You see, just over two weeks ago Keith Roscoe saved my wife and small son from drowning, at the risk of his own life. . . ."

"Really?"

"You'll appreciate that it's put me under an enormous obligation to him. Now I feel I have a chance to discharge the debt."

"Well, this is most surprising. . . ." For a moment Faulkner gazed hard at Mellanby, his eyes shrewd behind their glasses. Then he gave a slow, disapproving headshake. "I can understand how you feel, of course, but I'm bound to say I think it would be a most quixotic action. You say he showed you my letter, so you must know my view of him. . . . I'm very much afraid that Mr. Roscoe is a complete rogue."

"Oh, he's a rogue, all right," Mellanby said. "But in an odd sort of way that's an additional reason why I'm so anxious to square my account with him. It isn't at all pleasant to be deeply indebted to a rogue."

"No, I can imagine that. . . . But believe me, Mr. Mellanby, he doesn't deserve your consideration. He's a fraud, an utter scoundrel. He's behaved abominably to me."

"How did you come to know him?" Mellanby asked.

"Well, as a matter of fact," Faulkner said, with a wry look, "it was through a kind deed that he got to know *me*. He sent a very generous contribution to a cause with which I'm closely associated: the welfare of merchant seamen's dependants." He smiled—an old man's deprecating smile. "You might not think it now, Mr. Mellanby, but I spent my life in the merchant service and I was a liner captain when I retired. Anyhow, we put one of our usual appeals in *The Times*, and Roscoe sent a quite substantial cheque and a most friendly letter. I was very grateful, and asked him to come round for a drink and a chat. And I have to admit that I took to him."

Mellanby nodded. "He can be very charming and persuasive."

"That's what I found. Also, we had some small interests in common. He told me he was in business in the Midlands . . . running, he said, a fleet of pleasure boats on the less active canals. He was most enthusiastic about canals . . . he thought they had quite a future, and that people would eventually use them for holidays as they now use the Broads. All that was needed, he said, was more capital to build the boats."

Faulkner sighed. "I suppose I was very foolish," he went on. "But I had no reason to doubt his good faith. He seemed a very prosperous young man, as well as most likeable. I asked him to stay with me while he was in London . . . I'm an old bachelor, living quite alone, and I was glad to have him. I trusted him completely. Actually, it was I who suggested that I should invest some money in his business. I'm not a rich man, but I'd saved a fair amount and I was interested. Damn it, I even pressed him. In the end he accepted a cheque for seven thousand pounds and shortly afterwards he left for the West Country to buy, as he said, some additional craft."

"And nothing else happened, I suppose," Mellanby said.

Faulkner paused. "Not for some time . . . he did write to me once from Stourport, but after that there was a long silence. He'd promised to send me share certificates in his company, but nothing came. Then I had some other financial troubles. The bottom suddenly fell out of some shares I owned in a company with Middle East connections, because of a political upset there, and I badly needed that seven thousand pounds or its equivalent. I was about to start making inquiries when I got another letter from him, from Bath, saying he hoped to send me the certificates soon. But it was a very vague letter."

"He was playing for time, of course."

"That was what *I* decided. By now—very reluctantly—I'd begun to doubt his genuineness. I wrote back, rather stiffly, telling him I'd been forced to change my plans and asking him if he would be good enough to return the money, or some negotiable equivalent, at once."

Mellanby nodded. "It was a letter that worried him a great deal."

"I can well believe it." Faulkner sighed again. "Well, I didn't do anything more about it during the next day or two—I was visiting some friends in Brighton. I hoped the cheque would be here when I got back. But it wasn't—there was nothing. Not even an acknowledgment or an explanation. Not even an excuse. So then I wrote the letter which you saw. I don't know what your own experience has been, Mr. Mellanby, but I've no longer any doubts at all about Roscoe—and I think it would be much better if I put the matter in the hands of the police. Roscoe is not only a fraud—in my

DACHSIE

Everybody's Puzzling

QUIZZLE

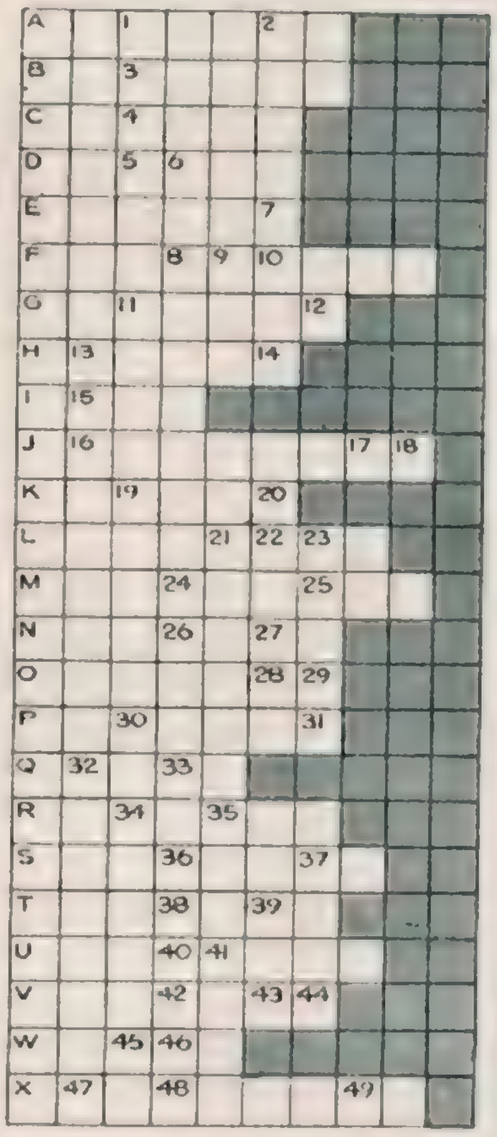
The letters in numbered squares, if placed in the small grid to the left of the puzzle in numerical sequence, will spell a well-known quotation and help to check your solutions.

CLUE DOWN

A. Weaver's invitation to a flighty guest (4, 3, 4, 4, 2, 7).

CLUES ACROSS

A. Surname of British Royal family since 1917
B. In the direction of the middle.
C. Solicitor.
D. Capital of West Pakistan.
E. Colour of sulphur.
F. Swing like a pendulum.
G. Parvenu.
H. One who guards or keeps.
I. Opening into a mine.
J. Magnetic iron ore.
K. Chessman with horse's head.
L. Contour line of equal temperature.
M. Incubus or bad dream.
N. Hurricane.
O. Townsman—non-member of University.
P. Street-arab.
Q. Red Sea kingdom whose ports include Hodeida and Mocha.
R. Tube for transferring and measuring liquids.
S. System of letters in order.
T. Surname of eminent Scottish portrait painter who died in 1823.
U. Cutter of precious stones.
V. Became too big.
W. Oneness.
X. Poet.



1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30
31	32	33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40
41	42	43	44	45	46	47	48	49	

BRAIN TEASER by Fred Borders

At a parish meeting the women outnumbered the men by the number of married couples present. The bachelors outnumbered the married men by one, and the single women outnumbered the married women by three.

There were two widowers and three widows present.

How many single men and how many single women were there?

NOW TURN TO PAGE 37 FOR THE ANSWERS

opinion he is not a redeemable character."

"I agree with you about that," Mellanby said. "I'm certainly not expecting to redeem him. When he showed me your letter this morning, and asked me to help him, he practically admitted that he was a confidence man. He's obviously quite unscrupulous. But the fact remains that he did me the greatest service one man can do for another—risking, as I say, his own life—and it seems to me the only way I can repay him is to save him—on this occasion, at least—from going to jail. Indeed, I'm committed—I promised him, before he left, that I'd settle his account for him."

"He's gone, has he?"

"Yes, I made it a condition that he should leave at once, and he cleared off after breakfast. I don't know where he's gone to, and frankly I don't care. It's all been a most distressing business. What I do know, Mr. Faulkner, is that you'll be doing me a service by accepting my cheque and not pressing any charge against him. Then I can forget all about it."

"Well, I'm very reluctant," Faulkner said slowly. "Mind you, I need the money, I'm not pretending I don't, and I certainly shan't get it any other way. But I'm very reluctant indeed."

"You feel he should be punished?"

"I think the scoundrel should be keel-hauled, Mr. Mellanby."

"Yet in your letter," Mellanby said, "you seemed to indicate that if he paid the money back you wouldn't pursue the matter."

"If he'd paid it back of his own accord—or even a part of it—that at least would have been some sign of grace."

"Try to see it from my point of view," Mellanby said. "Whatever his faults, he's an unusually brave man. Heroism like his must count for a lot. A mitigating factor, surely?"

"Well, yes. . . . But leaving that aside, it seems to me most unjust that you should have to pay this large amount. Forgive me for asking, Mr. Mellanby, but can you afford it?"

"I can well afford it," Mellanby said.

"I see. Well, you put put me in a quandary. As I say, I need the money—but to accept such a large sum from a complete stranger. . . ."

"I'm asking it as a favour," Mellanby said.

"Well, of course, if you put it like that. It will certainly be a very great relief to me."

Mellanby took out his chequebook with an inward sigh of thankfulness. Faulkner's relief would be nothing to his. "It's all a question of what one's prepared to pay for peace of mind, Mr. Faulkner," he said. "I know very well that if you brought a charge against Roscoe, and he was jailed—however much he deserves it—I should lie awake at night thinking how he'd pulled my wife and boy out of the sea and how I could have saved him from prison if I'd tried a bit harder. So here's the cheque, and I'm grateful to you for taking it."

"Well—thank you," the old man said. "It lifts a great weight from my mind." He held out his knuckly hand. "Let us hope that neither of us is troubled by Keith Roscoe again."

Mellanby's smile was even more wintry. He had never disliked himself more than he did at that moment. "Somehow," he said, "I don't think we shall be."

WITH the settlement of Roscoe's debt the danger of police inquiries seemed to have passed. Sally's relief was immeasurable. It wasn't until the crisis was plainly over that she referred to the financial aspect—and then only tentatively. In strict fairness, she said, ought not George Sherston to pay a share of the £7,000?

But Mellanby was strongly against asking him, even if the chance occurred. No doubt he'd tell him what had happened, he said, if they ever met again, but the last thing he wanted at the moment was the transfer of a large sum of money from George to himself, which would be a difficult thing to account for if anyone asked questions.

For a day or two, Mellanby continued to feel a slight uneasiness when he picked up the daily post. But his fears proved groundless. No more letters came and there were no telephone inquiries. No one even mentioned Roscoe any more. Soon the trail would be cold.

There was still a reckoning, though, as Mellanby had always known there would be in the end—the reckoning in his own mind. He did his best to curb his thoughts. On every practical ground, he told himself, Sally and Sherston had been right. He'd done the best, the only rational thing, by agreeing to keep quiet. The proof was all around him. The family was safe. The children were happy—they would never know. Sense and logic approved of what he'd done.

But sense and logic couldn't give him tranquil nights. The moment he lay down, thoughts of the quarry filled his mind—morbid, ghastly thoughts. For the first time in his life he began to take sleeping tablets—but his brain fought them, so that they always worked too late to do him any good. He began to lose weight that he could ill spare; his face became gaunt.

Sally watched him with growing distress and alarm. Perhaps, she thought, things would be better if they could get away together. A holiday might do him good—a complete change, a cruise, perhaps. Yet he seemed so tortured and hag-ridden that she doubted if anything but time would make much difference.

ONE afternoon—nearly a fortnight after Roscoe's death—she went into the study with a letter for him. He was leaning on the desk with his head in his hands, motionless. At the sound of her entry he jerked upright and guiltily turned the page of the book that lay open in front of him. Sally put the letter down, then drew up a chair beside him.

"Darling—we can't go on like this."

"We've no choice," he said.

"But, John, you're going to make yourself really ill."

"Well, you don't imagine I'm doing

The Inspector's comment

see page 14

The girl is lying. She says she screamed for help when the newspaper was delivered on Friday morning, but the newsboy didn't hear her. No wonder. The Friday of Easter weekend is Good Friday. You need to live in Scotland to have a newspaper delivered then. They're not published anywhere else in Britain on Good Friday. I think we'll have another word with her.

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The golden deed

continued from previous page

it on purpose?" He saw the look of distress in her face, and put a hand on hers in swift contrition. "I'm sorry . . . I despise myself for not being able to forget it. But I can't—I *can't*!"

Sally leaned forward. "Look, darling," she said, "I know we've been over it again and again, but I have to keep on saying it. All you did was hit a man twice your size who was wrecking your home and threatening your children—and beating George up."

"And I killed him."

"It was an accident. You didn't even hit him very hard—and anyway I'm not at all sure it was the chair that hit his head. It didn't look like it to me—he dodged, and *I* think it was his shoulder that you hit. I think he fell and banged his head on the fireplace—and that was sheer bad luck."

"I wanted to kill him," Mellanby said.

Sally gave him a startled look. "Darling, that's nonsense."

"I tell you I wanted to kill him," Mellanby repeated. "And not out of hate. You don't understand, Sally. I was frightened of him. Terrified. When I picked up that chair and went for him, it wasn't just in anger, or to help George, as it would have been with most men. I did it out of fear—sheer, naked, uncontrolled fear. If ever a man had murder in his heart, I had."

"At that moment, perhaps—it's not surprising. . . ." Sally was pale. She put her arms round him. "Darling, you've nothing to be ashamed of—nothing at all. You're not being fair to yourself. You've got more real courage than anyone I ever met. John, whatever you felt at the time, he brought it all on himself."

"He started it, I know. I can argue the case as well as you. But it doesn't alter the fact that I'm going to be haunted for the rest of my life by a feeling of guilt and a squalid secret."

For a while Sally sat in anguished silence, scarcely daring to frame the question that was in her mind. Then she forced the words out. "John—do you still want to confess?"

He didn't reply at once. When he did, it was with an emphasis that surprised her. "No—that's impossible."

"If you do, darling, I—I won't try to stop you. It would be dreadful—but anything's better than this."

He shook his head. "After all that's happened, it's quite unthinkable. I'm committed. Apart from anything else, I gave George my word that I'd see it through, and I can't go back on that."

"You're sure?"

"Quite sure. I wasn't leading up to that, Sally, when I started to talk—or anything like it. I didn't even mean to tell you what was worrying me so much. It just came out. I know perfectly well that I've got to put up with it—we both have. Anyhow, perhaps things will seem better now. At least I've confessed to you."

"Yes, darling," Sally said. "If only I could give you absolution."

As it turned out, things did improve—for a day or two. Mellanby, having shared his burden, seemed much less oppressed, and slept soundly for the first time since Roscoe's death. Sally began to hope that the worst was over and that in the end things might even return to normal. Then, out of a clear sky, a new crisis burst upon them.

It was one evening after dinner. Kira had gone out for a short walk. Sally and Mellanby were drinking coffee, reading the papers and occasionally exchanging comments about the news. Sally had a morning paper. Mellanby, pipe in mouth, was browsing through the local paper. It was a peaceful and pleasantly domestic scene.

Then a headline caught Mellanby's eye. He read down the paragraph, frowning a little. Suddenly he gave a gasp of horror. The item read:

BLACKETT'S LANE BYPASS
Ready by Easter?

Plans to divert the main Bath-Radbury road through Blackett's Lane and bypass the village of Eversleigh are to be advanced by several months. The decision has been taken following renewed protests by Eversleigh residents over the mounting toll of accidents in the narrow village street.

The lane, in its new form, will be thirty feet wide and, like the main road, will have a cycle track on one side and a footpath on the other.

The *Gazette* understands that Blackett's Lane will be closed to all traffic from September 15 until its reopening as a bypass next year.

"They'll find him, of course," Mellanby said.

© *Andrew Garve, 1959*

NEXT WEEK: *John Mellanby takes a desperate risk*

WISHES—3

There are two tragedies in life.
One is to lose your heart's desire. The other is to gain it.

Bernard Shaw

NEXT WEEK

Dr. Terence Morris writes a startling article on an urgent social topic . . .

THE ODD BOYS OUT

A penetrating look into Britain's problem families—and at the tragedy of children who fight the world to be somebody

Starke's Guide To Winter Warmth

"Provided you are well wrapped up, why not go for a brisk walk instead of huddling over the fire: if for no other reason than to exercise the dog . . .?"

Last time for the marshal

continued from page 22

while a long chance, but not often. He's not past caution."

Dad bobbed his head again. "Good," he said. "That's about the way I make him out." He sat down beside me. "I was talking to Red-beard today, at feedin' time." Raising his eyes, he saw the question in my face and went on: "He told me something I didn't know, but should have guessed."

He put his big-boned hands in his lap and looked down at them. "I shot a man once, long time ago, when I was marshal of a town east of here. He was a rotten excuse for a man." His eyes came up, caught and held my own. "Drifted in one night, and in an hour's time he'd shot and killed a young man of the town. It was senseless. Picked the fight, railroaded the boy into reaching for his pistol, and shot him dead."

He shifted his weight, looking off to the horizon, and went on: "The boy he killed was a homesteader. No hand with a gun. I was the new marshal, and my duty was to take the man who'd killed him and hold him for court, even though he'd worked it so he had a good case to plead self-defence." He shook his head. "It was murder, what he'd done. He knew it, and I knew it. I could see him laughing inside about it."

DAD looked at me again, and there was a shadow in the look, a memory he hadn't much liking for. He said: "A jury might well have let him off. So I forced him. In front of people. I made him choose between crawling and making his draw. I guess he thought I was too young to take him, but he was dead before his gun cleared the leather." Dad looked down at his hands again. "That's the only time I ever shot when I wasn't forced to it."

I was puzzled. "What has that got to do with Red and Jaeger?"

He went on: "The man's name was Slavin. I never knew his first name until Red told me it was Jaeger."

"But that's the *first* name. *This* Jaeger is. . . ."

"The other man's son." He looked up at me. "He never said Jaeger was his last name."

I let this sink in. Dad said: "According to Red, Jaeger never even found out what happened to his pa until a couple of years ago. Doubt if the son ever saw enough of him to feel much for him—except maybe to hate him for running out on him and his ma." A speculative look came to Dad's eyes. "He's got one thing working his way. He's got youth, and the reaction time that goes with it." He stood up. "We'll see." He brushed the dust from his trousers and reached down to help me up. "Come on inside, John. Sun-up comes early, and I want to be in town."

I couldn't have taken many more days like those just past. Likely that was Jaeger's design: build up a tension which, since it was of his own making, would not affect him but would reach Dad, to Jaeger's advantage.

In that, he failed. Dad's calm, if anything, deepened and grew firmer. He'd been under pressure before. I was the one who was being drawn thin.

But, as it happened, the waiting was just about over.

ONE morning Dad and I came out of Sam's, having left our horses. We sniffed the dry, clear air. It would be hot before noon.

As we approached Henry's, Jaeger stepped down from the walk into the street. I had only time to reflect that his coat was out of place on a day which promised heat. Then Dad had shoved me violently to the side. I fell, raising a cloud of dust to choke my nostrils.

Dad stood still, watching Jaeger carefully. "Must be something wrong with my lock-up box," he said.

Jaeger brushed back his right coat-tail, revealing the pistol strapped to his hip and tied down. "No, Mister Briscoe, my gun's still there in your office." He grinned, twistedly. "My other gun. I sort of keep this one rolled up in my slicker, Mister Briscoe. As a spare."

Dad remained motionless, alert.

Jaeger spread his feet a little. "I think I been here long enough, Mister Briscoe."

"Then you'll be riding on."

Jaeger nodded to his horse, tied ready at Henry's hitch-rail. "Very shortly," he said. "Nice country around here, Mister Briscoe."

Dad made no comment. After a wait, Jaeger said: "Been seeing some of it, riding in the afternoons." He waited again, and when Dad didn't ask the question he was itching to answer, he asked it himself: "What was I doing, out in them hills, Mister Briscoe?"

Dad said: "I believe I could guess."

"I was practising, Mister Briscoe."

Dad merely nodded.

"I'm in the best shape I've been, Mister Briscoe. Rested and fresh." His eyes were not pleasant. "And, Mister Briscoe, I'm fast!"

"How fast are you, exactly?" Dad's voice was quiet, controlled.

"A good bit faster than Red."

"Seems I am, too."

"You just barely beat Red, Mister

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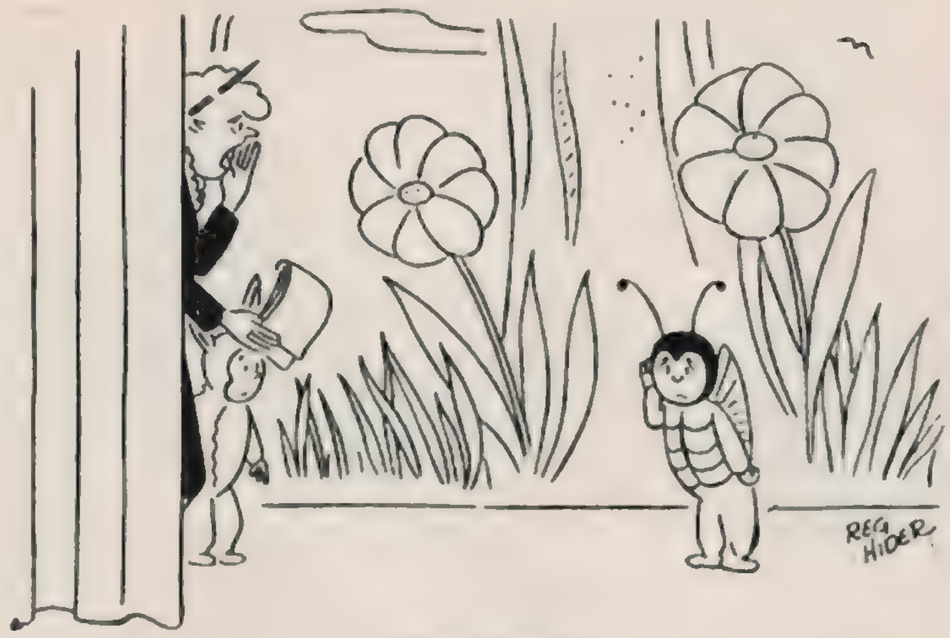

"Buzz-buzz"

continued from previous page

Briscoe." He paused, then plunged in: "I'm saying you ain't as fast as me."

Dad's expression didn't change. "That may be," he said. "You're young. You may be a trifle faster, this morning, than I am. If it satisfies you to know that, ride on out and leave things as they are."

Jaeger's face was incredulous. He squinted at Dad. "If I didn't know better, I'd think you was scared."

"I am. Gunplay is a scarey business. But I'm used to it. You're not."

Jaeger was losing his calm. He said: "What's that mean, old man?"

"I know some about you, Jaeger. You're like your pa was: a man who likes to bet on sure things. I figure any gunning you may have done up to now, you never had any call to be scared."

Recovering from surprise, Jaeger snapped: "Who told you. . . ." His eyes darkened and he spat. "Red! Damn him, I wanted to tell you that myself, just before. . . ."

Dad cut him off. "I think I might have guessed, anyway. You look like him, but it's been some time and he was heavy set." He paused for a second, then spoke earnestly: "I don't want to have to draw on you, boy."

JAEGER straightened, sneering. "You ain't scaring anybody, old man. I saw you with Red, remember."

Dad said: "That shoulder shot took time. I can't spare that, with you."

Jaeger was working himself up now. "You'll shoot nobody, old man. This ain't my pa you're talking to."

Dad said sharply: "You say this is because of your pa?"

"It's a reason."

Dad shook his head. "Not for you. That's the reason you'd tell people, maybe. But what you really came here after is a name. You want to be the man who outgunned John Briscoe."

Jaeger's crooked grin returned. "There's that, too."

Dad shook his head again. "You won't do it, Jaeger. I don't believe you'll take the chance."

Jaeger snorted. "Get ready, old man."

Dad didn't move. "It's funny, too. Because if you wanted to bad enough, you might just be able to kill me."

Jaeger scowled. This wasn't the way he'd planned it. "No more talk," he said.

The tall gunman was drawing in upon himself; gathering, the way a rattler will before he strikes. Dad's voice was quiet, but his words were timed for effect. "These are the odds, Jaeger. Your gun could fire a fraction before mine, but mine will be there. You can be the man who outguns John Briscoe. But I promise you you'll be known as the man who died doing it."

Sometimes a man will say a thing, and you know when you hear it that there's no single doubt in his mind that what he says is true. It was that way with Dad's words now. "You may beat my draw," he said, "but if you pull that gun, you're going to die."

Jaeger's hesitation drew out. A second, two . . . a moment too long. Dad was sure, now, and his words slapped out at the young gunman.

"You got a choice, Jaeger. Unbuckle that side-arm—get on your horse and ride, right now—or make your fight." Dad's slight shrug loosened the muscles of his gun arm and shoulder, as he flexed his long fingers. "You got ten seconds." Without turning his head, he spoke to me: "Count ten, John."

I began to count. Jaeger's face put me in mind of a animal at bay. At the count of five, he spread the fingers of his gun hand near his hip—then suddenly clenched them into a fist and wheeled. He walked to his horse and swung up. This wasn't the way he'd planned on riding out, but he was riding.

As he settled into the saddle, he turned to face Dad once more. His eyes radiated frustrated hate. I had the feeling he might bust out crying, any second. He said: "I'll come back, Mister Briscoe."

Dad made no reply, letting him have that last word. Jaeger jerked his horse's mouth viciously, wheeling him into a run. In a moment he was beyond the last building of town, raising a cloud of powdery dust as he gained speed.

Dad relaxed and turned to me. His forehead glistened with sweat and he looked tired, but his smile was clear and untroubled. "Come on, John," he said. "We're wasting the day here."

WE covered half the distance to the jailhouse in silence. I broke it: "Will he come back?"

Dad didn't look around, but his voice held no doubt. "No," he said. "He had to say it, or he couldn't have gone."

He turned to me then. "John," he said, "I'm going to have to start thinking about the day when I retire out of this work." He smiled. "Course, first I'd have to break in a good man to take my place. Shouldn't take more than four, five years, working steady."

He rested his arm across my shoulders, quickening his long stride. "I figure we'd best get at it," he said. "There's a lot I got to teach you, boy. First thing, how to deal with a pistol."

Then he grinned. At me, the world, nobody in particular. "And, somewhere along the line . . . when not to use it." THE END

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NEXT WEEK'S STORIES

The witch and the storyteller
by BRIAN CLEEVE

A wife for our Huw by JOHN DAVIES

The Duchess of Kent

continued from page 19

family, the upstanding Danes who had tried to make a kingdom out of Greece. She came back, on the slow turn of the wheel of history, to the isles which the Danes themselves had conquered a thousand years before.

In such a style but with no background of death and bitterness, her great-aunt, Princess Alexandra of Denmark, had sailed to England seventy-one years earlier when she became the bride of Edward, Prince of Wales, later Edward VII.

Thus, history repeated itself.

Crowded quayside

When the Princess landed at Folkestone, the docks and quayside were black with people. Britain had risen to her feet. Among the crowd, as the ship edged her way alongside the wooden bulwarks of the quay, there stood out one quiet, homely figure—a white-haired woman with an English face: Miss Fox.

Those who waited ashore to see the Princess who had caught the heart of the world saw a slim, girlish figure in rust-red suddenly break into a beaming smile and wave furiously to the old lady.

Along the route from Victoria to York House, St. James's, women threw flowers in front of the car, men raised their hats and waved umbrellas. Outside York House a sea of faces surged. "We want Marina! We want the Princess!" they chanted.

She came to the open window, Prince George beside her, with his Alsatian Doushka. Her hat was off. The wind ruffled her hair. She put up a slim hand to pat her hair into place. The crowd saw the flash of a ring on her third finger.

"What stone is it?" someone shouted.

"It's a sapphire," she replied. She turned her hand from side to side so that the crowd could see it.

That instinctive gesture of a young woman proud of her lover, proud of her new ring, charmed the crowd. She had conquered London.

That night they went up to Balmoral. The Duchess of York, now Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother, came over to Balmoral from Birkhall and taught Princess Marina how to dance Highland reels—not so far removed from the mountain dances of the shepherds of Greece.

"I was enchanted by one thing more than all else—the ghillies' ball," said the Princess. "There the servants dance with the Royal Family without any sense of familiarity but with the utmost good friendship."

King assassinated

From Balmoral Princess Marina went back to London for a week's shopping, and then to Paris.

In the midst of these wedding preparations, and, tragically, on the actual day on which Prince George was created Duke of Kent, King Alexander of Yugoslavia was assassinated by a Communist within a few moments of landing at Marseilles on a State visit to France.

Princess Marina, who was a cousin of the young widowed Queen Marie, at once went to Belgrade for the funeral. Prince George flew there to represent King George V.

Tragedy, which had followed her through childhood and young womanhood with a long, bitter tale of murder, assassination and exile, had struck at her family yet again, almost on the eve of her own wedding.

The Duke of Kent stayed for a few days on his way home to England with Princess Marina and her family. He visited Prince Nicholas's studio and saw his paintings. He went shopping in Paris with the Princess, travelling by bus and Tube as she had always done. He shared their simple family meals.

The wedding was fixed for November 29, 1934.

A specially chartered ship brought Princess Marina and her family to Britain nine days before. They were guests at Buckingham Palace.

The Duke of Kent had already taken Lady Juliet Duff's house, furnished, at No. 3 Belgrave Square, with a free hand to redecorate as they liked.

On the night of November 28 the King and Queen gave a great State banquet. More than forty kings, queens, princesses and grand duchesses of every dynasty in Europe were there. The splendours of the Edwardian age came to life again. There had been no banquet like it since 1914. The white-and-gold state room, the glitter of gold plate, the magnificence of jewels and the brilliance of uniforms made a picture whose like could not be reproduced in any court in Europe.

Mobbed in London

It was the first time Princess Marina had been at such a banquet; the first time indeed that she had stayed at Buckingham Palace on a State occasion.

After the banquet the Duke and Princess Marina toured the West End just before midnight to see the decorations. They were mobbed by a crowd of more than five thousand people in Piccadilly Circus.

She woke next morning at 7 a.m. From her bedroom window the Mall already glittered with long lines of motor cars and the pavements were thronged with waiting people.

London was electric with excitement.

The Princess's old nanny, "dear Foxy," helped her into a wedding dress of silver French brocade, made in Lyons, woven in English roses of medieval design.

It was the sort of dress an English princess would have worn in the Middle Ages. The sleeves widened from shoulder to wrist and the cuffs were faced with silver brocade.

The material for the dress was so delicate that it arrived in Britain only about two weeks before the wedding. Her flowing, billowing white tulle veil was five feet long, widening at the bottom to ten feet. Holding this in place was a magnificent diamond tiara presented to the princess by the City of London. She wore two small bunches of orange blossom over each ear.

Against the fog and dampness of London, Princess Marina wore a white

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Duchess of Kent

continued from previous page

ermine wrap over her dress. Her bouquet was of lilies, carnations and orchids, all white, grown in the royal gardens at Windsor. Incorporated in it was a sprig of myrtle, part of every British royal bride's bouquet. It was plucked from a tree grown for Queen Victoria.

Meanwhile in York House, the Duke of Kent, dressing himself in full naval uniform, made the startling discovery that he had only a few shillings in his pocket.

This was not the style in which to start a honeymoon, so he walked through the packed crowds, went to his bank, cashed a cheque and walked back again. Not a soul recognized him.

The Prince of Wales, who was to be best man, and the Duke of York, arrived to find their brother pushing his way through the crowd outside St. James's Palace.

"Surely you could have sent someone to the bank," they exclaimed.

"Oh, easily!" the young Duke agreed. "But it gave me something to do!"

Peal from Abbey

Outside, the bells of London rang. The bells of Westminster Abbey were rung in a full peal of 5,050 changes—an astonishing performance seldom heard by the citizens of London.

When Princess Marina left Buckingham Palace in a glass coach, pale as marble in her white dress of silver, a cloud of white tulle, crowned by a glittering tiara of diamonds, the crowds gasped. Then arose a thunder of cheers. It continued in a wave of sound, a surge of fluttering hands and hats, all the way to the abbey.

In the solemn splendour of the abbey the bride walked slowly, her head bent slightly, a faint smile lighting her delicately classic features.

As she took her place beside the Duke of Kent they exchanged warm smiles.

"George Edward Alexander Edmund, wilt thou have this woman to thy wedded wife?"

"I will." His voice rang out abruptly, plainly heard.

"Marina, wilt thou have this man to thy wedded husband?"

"I will." Her voice was soft and low.

As the two spoke the marriage vows people in all the far corners of the world heard them. Ancient loyalties sprang to new life in the hearts of thousands in countries beyond the seas, for this was the first British royal wedding ever to be broadcast to the world.

Long years afterwards many who listened remembered that soft, half-afraid voice which said breathlessly: "I, Marina, take thee, George Edward Alexander Edmund, to be my wedded husband . . . to love, cherish and to obey, till death us do part."

Little they knew in that moment of supreme bliss, trust and faith, that the tragic fate which had dogged so many of her family loomed on the near-horizon of the years.

The first part of the honeymoon was spent at Himley Hall, the Earl of Dudley's vast and somewhat rococo seat in Staffordshire, since pulled down. Then they spent a little time at Trent Park, Sir Philip Sassoon's place near Barnet; Christmas at Sandringham; a visit to her sister and brother-in-law, Count and Countess Toerring-Yettenbach, in Bavaria, and finally a cruise to the West Indies.

There, at Nassau, the Duke and Duchess met President Roosevelt, who was cruising in Vincent Astor's yacht. He was attracted by the young couple and asked them to lunch with him. Franklin Roosevelt was a man of strong likes and dislikes, and instant impressions.

The Duke and Duchess were unlike the American idea of British royalty. Their youth, vitality and democratic outlook appealed to him.

"Come and see me in Washington," he invited.

"I'd love to. I'll fly over some day," the Duke promised.

Years later, after the start of the second World War, when Britain needed the utmost American goodwill, the Duke flew the Atlantic in a Liberator bomber. Roosevelt welcomed him. The Duke's honeymoon visit to Jamaica therefore helped Britain immensely in dark years when personal trust with the President of the United States meant everything. That is why today seventeen-year-old Prince Michael of Kent bears also the Christian name of Franklin—the only member of the British Royal Family to be named after an American president.

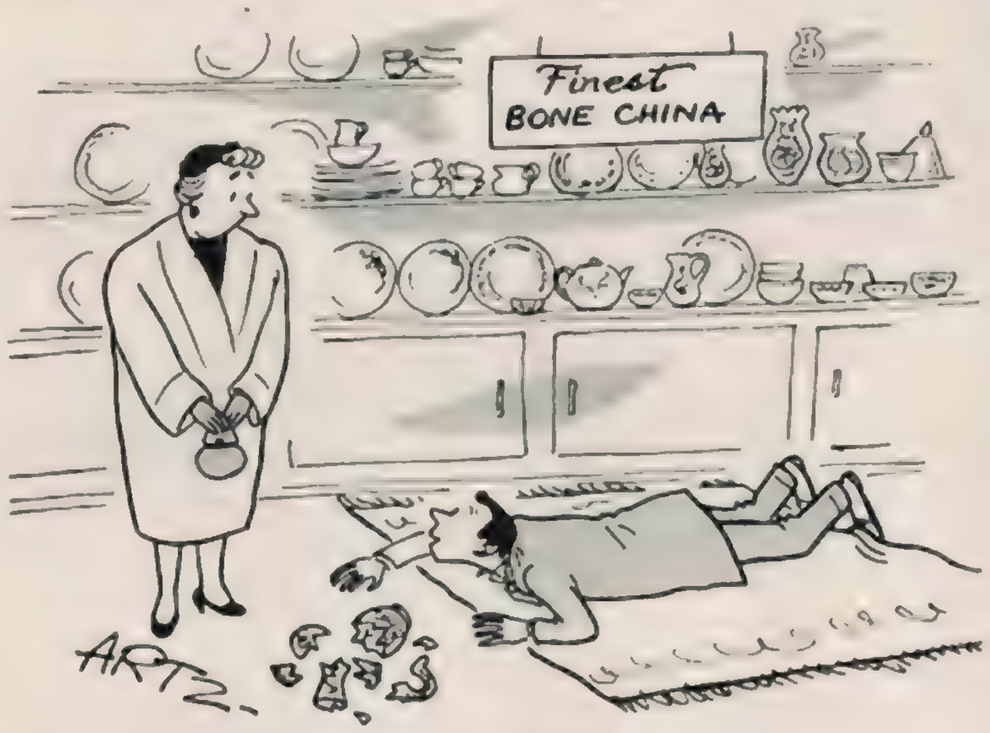
The Duke's sense of decorative values was so sure that he could order silks, brocades and chintzes, and choose colours with the eye and appreciation of a woman. In him the almost forgotten good taste of the eighteenth century lived again.

New colour scheme

The Duchess admired and trusted his discrimination. So when he began to buy furniture and plan decorations for the home they had rented in Belgrave Square she collaborated enthusiastically. Thus, the tall white house with its sunny rooms, large and high, became within a few months a treasure-house of their own things.

The Duchess chose the colours for most of the rooms. Thereby she popularized a new colour-tone which became known as "blonde." It really amounted to a combination of light pastel shades with a blonde predominance.

For the nursery, a large, bright room, they chose blue and white chintzes and



"Was that the vase Madam had in mind?"

a rug worked in nursery rhymes. They had made up their minds that their first child would be a boy; so had Queen Mary. She and the Duchess stocked the toy cupboard with boy's toys and tied blue ribbons on the cot weeks before the baby was expected.

When, in the early hours of October 9, 1935, the young Prince Edward, now Duke of Kent, finally arrived, the secretary's room downstairs was packed with newspaper reporters.

Just before midnight the door opened. A pale and rather haggard young man looked in and said: "I just thought I'd tell you that some hot coffee is being sent in to you. After that I'm afraid the kitchens will be closed, but there'll be someone on duty just after six who will get you some breakfast."

It was the Duke of Kent.

As he was going out of the door he turned and with a warm smile added: "I do hope it'll be over soon. I don't think I could stand much more of this!"

It was the human touch. The newspaper men respected it. Not one printed it.

Fondness for cars

A few days after the baby's arrival Princess Margaret, then a small girl, was allowed a peep. She gazed at it solemnly, her eyes popping, and then asked very seriously: "Is it real?" She prodded one tiny hand cautiously. "You're sure it won't break?"

The present Duke of Kent's fondness for cars blossomed early. At four he could take a toy motor-car to pieces and reassemble it.

He had inherited his father's mechanical mind.

Father and son spent hours together tinkering in the garage. When the small Prince went to stay with his grandparents at Sandringham he spent half his time in the fields watching farm tractors at work.

Prince Edward was followed by his sister, Princess Alexandra, on December 25, 1936, and six years later, on July 4, 1942, Prince Michael entered the world.

The Duke and Duchess were devoted parents.

During this period the Duchess definitely established herself as the leader of London fashion. She influenced dress decoration and the textile industry as no other woman has done in this century.

"Marina" hats, those little pill-box affairs which she wore with such rare effect, swept Britain. "Marina blue" became the fashionable colour.

Everything she said, did or wore was copied. Thanks to her the craze for chromium-plated furniture and dazzle patterns in cushions and hangings, which made thousands of homes hideous, was killed. Her casual remarks, such as: "I would not like my house to look like a bar," slew that phase of jazzed-up ugliness.

When she pushed her own son in his pram round Belgrave Square and walked with him hand-in-hand on the lawns, other young mothers in society decided that it might be just as well if they became just a little more maternal also.

Desperate poverty

Above all, the Duchess, by sheer force of example, did enormous good to the British textile and fashion trade. At that time there was heavy depression and unemployment in Lancashire. The Duke, with his practical experience of industrial problems, told her of the desperate poverty of many workpeople in the north. He urged her to popularize Lancashire cottons.

She did so. She asked her dressmaker to design cotton frocks for her. She wore them all that summer.

Cotton became the rage.

Equally she popularized Nottingham lace and Scotch tweed.

The Duchess went on many trips with her husband. She saw poverty in the raw—and not for the first time.

There were endless miles of travelling, interminable handshaking, speeches and prizegivings, hospital presentations and addresses of welcome; she met mayors, aldermen, M.P.s, housewives, out-of-works and a hundred other sorts of humanity.

She was invariably sympathetic, sincerely interested, cheerful and courteous. She was genuine. That was what the people liked.

What pleased them particularly was the warm personal touch which she brought to the most aridly dignified and conventional affairs.

Duchess's sympathy

They went up to Merseyside where the local bigwigs planned a terrific programme of dinners and receptions. The Duke and Duchess quietly suggested cutting some of them out so they could give a purely informal tea for the widows and relations of sailors who had perished when the submarine Thetis sank.

They gave it in a private room at Liverpool Airport. To this day women remember how the Duchess was almost in tears when she heard their stories; how the Duke played with the children and mended a toy motor-car for a tiny boy.

Another day they arrived at a children's home. The committee were not there to meet them. The matron was horror struck.

"Never mind, we'll go and play with the children," the Duchess said.

When the committee turned up a few minutes later they found the Duchess rocking a wooden horse for a tiny girl. The Duke was on his knees playing trains with small children.

Belgrave Square had become merely their London residence. Princess Victoria, a daughter of Edward VII and the Duke's aunt, realized that the young couple needed a house of their own, so she left them Coppins, her own house at Iver among the Buckinghamshire beech woods.

Coppins is neither great, old, grand nor particularly beautiful. It is solid and homely.

It was stuffed with furniture, overcrowded with pictures, decorated in dark colours. The Duke took a strong personal lead.

"He practically ran the house and dictated its decoration," I was told by one who was very closely associated with the Duke and Duchess for years. "She was entirely dominated by him and adored him. He collected very lovely furniture and filled Coppins with chintzes. He lightened its atmosphere inside and out. He reorganized the gardens, spending hours cutting down laurels himself to let in the sunlight, and did a lot of weeding."

Meals at Coppins were, and still are, often served in the heat of summer on a white-painted table of wrought iron with a glass top. Under the glass are trays filled with roses, fuchsias, hydrangeas and other blooms which glow through the glass and give an impression of dining on a bed of flowers.

As the children grew older life at Coppins became, naturally, infinitely more attractive to them than life in London. They had their own sandpit to play in, a seesaw, a slide and an outdoor gymnasium with ladders and swings.

At night the Duke played on his baby grand piano, while relatives and guests amused themselves with backgammon or cards. Although he loved a good deal of modern music and had a wonderful collection of jazz records, the Duke also played the classics—Beethoven, Brahms and Mozart.

Life in those days was young, fresh, gay and relatively carefree. The royal pair fulfilled an enormous number of public engagements, often putting in a day's work which began at 9 a.m. and finished with a public function as late as 11 p.m. But they still made time for reading, music, painting, the theatre, gardening and the children.

Their tastes in books were wide. The Duke liked novels. The Duchess, as a close friend of hers remarked to me, "still reads tremendously: biographies, novels, books on art, memoirs and the rest. It is a great part of her life."

Little details complete the intimate picture of their married life together.

The Duke liked flying; the Duchess did not. Yet she always flew with him because it suited him to get there quicker. When she landed she remarked wryly: "It was pretty awful, but it's all over—until we fly back."

Art of conversation

He liked driving fast cars. She liked being driven by him—but has never learned to drive a car because she is not mechanically minded.

Both possessed the almost lost art of good conversation. They could talk on art, politics, books, pictures, music or merely lighthearted nonsense. They missed nothing and enjoyed everything.

"What do you do at Coppins every weekend?" someone once asked her.

"We spend most of the time in the garden playing with the children," the Duchess answered gaily.

During those five years between her marriage and the outbreak of war the Duchess of Kent quite unconsciously civilized London. The capital needed it badly. The old standards of manners and behaviour had largely vanished.

The old values were laughed at by the younger generation; the aftermath of the first World War saw to that.

It was the second World War that was to strike bitterly and deeply at the roots of the Duchess's family life.

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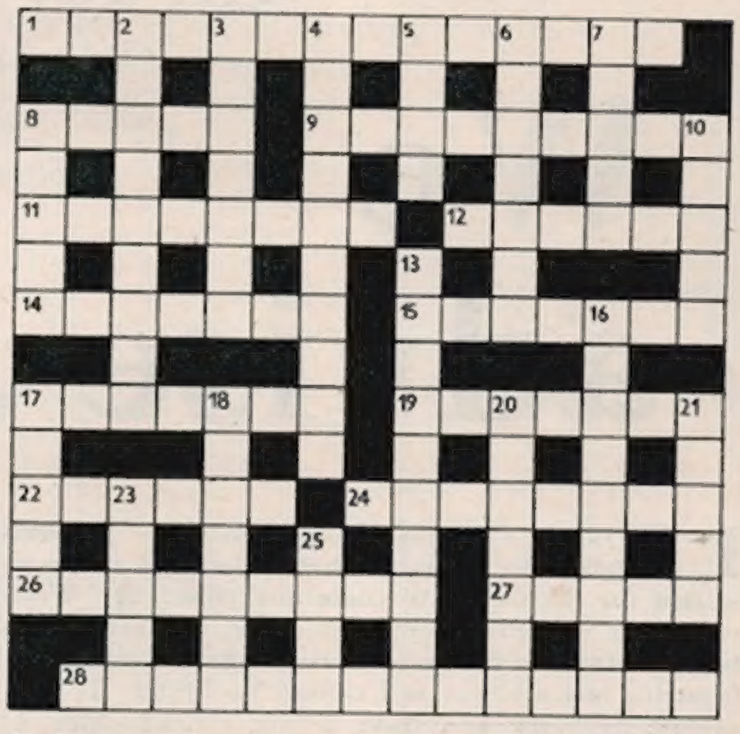
NEXT WEEK: Tragedy—on a lonely Scottish hillside

EVERYBODY'S CROSSWORD (No. 2)

by Leslie Stokes

A prize of a one-guinea Book Token will be given for each of the first three correct solutions opened. Entries must be marked "Crossword No. 2" on the envelope and must be posted to reach this office (John Bull: Everybody's Weekly, 189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1) by Tuesday, November 24. No correspondence can be entered into about this puzzle.



ACROSS

1. Strict order for pints only? (2, 4, 8)
8. Helps five in turbulent seas. (5)
9. Punter's nightmare, maybe. (4, 5)
11. ABC are firm ones. (8)
12. Sympathizer with bivalves. (6)
14. Russian territory, it's stated in America. (7)
15. A very little Latin. (7)
17. Playful performance, putting a prong in me. (7)
19. Made a record. (7)
22. Somehow it's old and impassive. (6)
24. Polite legislation, seemingly. (5, 3)
26. His order is to apprehend a foreigner. (9)
27. The twentieth letter comes first in Gemini. (5)
28. As the scarecrow should be, ideally. (1, 7, 6)

DOWN

2. Discuss by all means—but if the tooth's bad, act. (4, 2, 3)
3. Durable as the French bees' weapon. (7)
4. Bosworth Field marked their close. (6, 4)
5. Crooked, but could be careful. (4)
6. Pantomime used to be. (7)
7. One can't be right in this. (5)
8, 17. Fair rhythm perhaps, however distasteful in execution. (5, 5)
10, 21. Losing Derby backers on the spot? (5, 5)
13. I'm given the crown in architecture; it's a hindrance. (10)
16. Rendering a song in season. (9)
17. See 8 down.
18. Change therein. (7)
20. Yet he could earn an honest living at rope-making. (7)
21. See 10.
23. Ready for a drink, but not bottled. (2, 3)
25. Fifty-one and single. (4)

Answers to Everybody's Puzzling
See page 31

FRED BORDERS'S BRAIN TEASER

Let B be the number of bachelors and S the number of spinsters. Then the married men total B − 1. So the total number of men is B + B − 1, or 2B − 1, and because of the B − 1 married men 2 are widowers, there must be B − 3 married couples. The number of married women is S − 3, so the total number of women is 2S − 3, and because 3 of the S − 3 women are widows, then the number of married couples is S − 6. We now have S − 6 equal to B − 3, so S = B+3.

The women equal the men plus the married couples, so 2S − 3 = 2B − 1 + B − 3; i.e., 2S = 3B − 1. Having already established that S = B+3, we can see that 2S = 2B + 6. Therefore 3B − 1 = 2B + 6 Hence B = 7 and S = 10.

There were 7 bachelors, 10 spinsters and 4 married couples.

QUIZZLE

Quotation: Now who will stand on either hand
And keep the bridge with me? (Macaulay Horatius).
Clue Down: Will you walk into my parlour?
Clues Across: (A) Windsor; (B) Inwards; (C) Lawyer; (D) Lahore; (E) Yellow; (F) Oscillate; (G) Upstart; (H) Warden; (I) Adit; (J) Lodestone; (K) Knight; (L) Isotherm; (M) Nightmare; (N) Tornado; (O) Oppidan; (P) Mudlark; (Q) Yemen; (R) Pipette; (S) Alphabet; (T) Raeburn; (U) Lapidary; (V) Outgrew; (W) Unity; (X) Rhymester.

Readers seeking advice from our team of experts are invited to send their problems to John Bull : Everybody's Weekly Free Advice Service, 189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1. Letters will be answered by post, and problems of general interest will also be published on this page

We advise . . .

LAST year a van was abandoned on my property. We contacted the police to establish that it was not stolen property and then waited for the owner to come and collect it. We moved it into the road as it was obstructing our drive, and after a few days the police towed it away to the police-station yard. The owner had moved away from his last address and cannot be found. Is this van now treated as lost property and have I any claim?—Mrs. D. J. G., Horton Kirby, Kent.

● If it is not claimed within a reasonable time the police may be prepared to hand it back to you.

Then you might advertise in a local newspaper, stating that you propose to sell it to defray expenses. Should the real owner turn up you would have to give him the balance (after deducting expenses).

FILLING THE GAPS

BEFORE painting the floor surround of a centre carpet it seems necessary to fill in the spaces between the floorboards, but I wonder if I need a plastic filling to allow for expansion. What would be a suitable inexpensive material?—A. E. J., Worthing, Sussex.

● You will find that pulped paper filling will suit you best. The paper should be shredded and soaked in boiling water for several hours. The liquid is then poured away and the sodden paper kneaded into a smooth pulp.

Thin hot glue is then poured over the pulp and the mixture well stirred.

The final consistency should be similar to that of putty. Press the mixture firmly into the gaps.

ROAD HOLD-UP

THE builder who erected my bungalow and others in the same road deposited £5 per foot of road frontage with the local council before he could start the building. That was two years ago—and still we have been unable to get the council to start work on a road. We've sent a solicitor's letter—and now wonder what we should try next?—A. E. D., Leigh on Sea, Essex.

● If the estate has been completed or is in an advanced state of completion the majority of owners can petition the council to take over the road by virtue of the New Streets Act 1951, and make it up according to their requirements.

If the council does not comply with the petition in a reasonable time, you should make a report to the Minister of Housing and Local Government.

A DANGEROUS DOG

FOUR of us wish to know what we can do to make a person living in our area keep a dog under control. It is very vicious and attacks our dogs when we take them out for walks. We have asked the owner to tie her dog up, but she takes no notice, and it roams the streets all day.—Mrs. M. T., Ellesmere Port, Cheshire.

● If two or three neighbours are willing to sign a complaint the police can summon the owner of the dog.

It is not essential to prove that the animal has bitten anyone, provided there is evidence that it is dangerous and has a vicious character.

Courts have power to order the owner of the dog to keep it under control.

LADDER LIABILITY?

I OWN four ladders which I lend out to my neighbours when they ask me—for no payment. Now I'm told that I may be held liable if anything happens to people using these ladders. Is this true?—A. S., Kirk Ireton, Derby.

● You would have no liability for any accident that might happen to the borrowers of your ladders—unless it was caused by negligence on your part.

If you were aware of a hidden defect and neglected to point it out to the borrower you would be held liable for any accident that was caused by the defect.

COW ON THE ROAD

DRIVING along the main trunk road to Bideford I suddenly saw a cow jump on to the road from a field. I swerved to the right to avoid it, but the cow slipped on the road and we collided. The car was damaged, but the cow was unhurt. There was no fence on the field. Now the farmer's insurance company says that I cannot claim damages from him as he is not bound by law to prevent his cattle getting on to the highway. Is there any hope of my claiming anything?—L. G. E., Bideford, Devon.

● It is correct to say that you have no claim against the farmer. As owner of the cow he has no duty in law to fence that part of his land which adjoins the highway, and he is not liable for any damage which might be caused by any animal of his straying on to the highway

SURFACE CHARGES

MY husband and I have a holiday bungalow which we occupy only at weekends and during the months of July and August. A lane which leads to our bungalow also leads to a farmhouse and the farmer has had it remade. Now he is asking us for a contribution towards the cost of this—and has even hinted that tradesmen might be stopped from calling on us if we don't pay up. The lane has been a right of way for fifty years. Must we pay up?—Mrs. K. G., Belfast.

● If you are only a tenant of the land on which you have your bungalow you do not appear to have any legal obligation to pay anything towards the cost of remaking the lane.

As you have a legal right of way you cannot be prevented from using it. Neither can your tradesmen.

If, however, you own the land and bungalow, your deeds will show whether you are liable for any contribution or not.

DON'T STOP HERE

WHAT rights does a member of the public have in connection with a protest against the erection of a bus stop outside his house?—N. S., Sutton Coldfield, Warwicks.

● The granting of facilities to the bus company rests with your local council and any protest against the stop should be made to it.

Worth Noting

ROGER SMITHELLS keeps practical homelovers up to date

Easy-to-apply suède dressing: There is no longer any need to get suède dressing on to your hands when cleaning your shoes or bag. The latest Meltonian suède dressing is supplied in a bottle, plus a patent applier which is screwed on to the bottle in place of the metal cap.

Using this device it is simple to spread an even layer over the surface of your shoes. Price of dressing 1s. 9d. By Meltonian Wren, Ltd., Watford, Herts.

Lightning coffee mill: You can grind enough coffee for 6-8 persons in 15 seconds using the new Piselli coffee mill. The speed is due to the special high-duty alloy blades which rotate at 24,000 r.p.m. The manufacturers claim that this speed of grinding pulverizes the beans without bruising, releasing more of the essential oils which help to give the "brew" its body. The Piselli is fitted with rubber feet to protect table tops and a clear view cover which allows visual control of the mill. Available in ivory, primrose yellow and sky blue in a voltage range of 220-250 volts.

The price is 75s. Distributed by Insley (London), Ltd., 21/22 Poland Street, London, W.1.

Joiner's tool box: Of interest to the amateur woodworker is the new D1490 tool box introduced on to the market by Spear & Jackson. Made of mahogany, it is fitted out with a 20-in. handsaw; 8-in. backsaw; adze eye claw hammer; 6-in. square; metal plane; ¼-, ½- and ¾-in. Irwin bits; 10-in. rachet brace; mortice gauge; 1½-in. bradawl; 6-in. pincers; 6-in. rachet turnscrew; ¼-, ½- and ¾-in. chisels; pin hammer; pencil; punch, and booklet entitled "Concerning Handsaws."

The Major model costs £12 19s. 6d. By Spear & Jackson, Ltd., Aetna Works, Sheffield, 4.

Economy wax polish pack: ¼-lb. tins of wax polish is the newest idea of Ronuk, Ltd., to give the housewife the opportunity of economically buying a tin which is not going to run out too quickly. Selling at 2s. 6d., the tin is fitted with a wing tip opener to save you breaking your nails when opening the tin. By Ronuk, Ltd., Portslade, Sussex.

Festival at Kilmuck

continued from page 8

his breath and scooping the swill out of his ears, and I took him outside because I thought he'd smell a bit better out there.

The moon had come up in the interval. Beyond the clutter of dark-thatched and whitewashed houses in the village, the tide was out, leaving a silver spread of wet sand, barred with great beds and rivers of black seaweed. And out in the middle of it two small figures were running for their lives.

A long way straggling behind them came the ruck of the hunt, spreading out in a line. By then most of them had forgotten about the festival and getting the guests back, and were chasing them for the sport of the thing.

I heard afterwards that they caught them just short of Kilmallock pier, hiding up to their chins in a pool of water among the rocks, with their heads disguised with seaweed. There must have been more game in those two than you'd think to look at them.

"Ah, well," said I. "It didn't turn out much of a festival exactly, but the young lads are having a bit of fun."

"To the Devil with the young lads," said Larry, spitting the last of the swill into the heather. "Be damned if I'll be wasting my energies creating publicity and fame for Kilmuck again. Let you all rot."

"Now, Larry," said I, "don't be taking a personal view of it. It isn't the Fate nor Destiny of a place like Kilmuck to be doing anything constructive."

"You're right enough there," said Larry. "It's a sad parish in a distressful county in a calamitous country, and that's about the size of it."

"You have it exactly," I said. "And now that the smell has blown off you a bit, come back into the barn and we'll sample a small jar of the right stuff I had hidden against just such a contingency as this."

So back in we went into the lamplit darkness and discretion of the barn—and there was my bold son, Peter, recovered, and not only breathing, but playing Romeo the way I'd never seen him play it in all the long days of rehearsing for the festival; and Maggie that entranced in the part of Juliet that she didn't even see us come in.

I HADN'T realized that there was such a long bit in the play with no words at all but just kissing. I got the jar and we went outside again.

"That's a powerful class of a play them two has been learning," said Larry.

"Aye," said I, handing him the open jar.

"There'll be a power of mischief arising out of this night's work," said Larry a while later, looking reflectively at the last little shadowy dots of the hunt disappearing round the headland.

"Aye," said I, foreseeing the summonses that would be arriving from the Gardai in Kilmallock. But even in the worst of times life has to go on and I was thinking of the pair in the barn.

"Tell me," said I, "in the purely hypothetical case of a decent, well-set-up farming family approaching you about the marriage of your orphan niece, Maggie, would you be willing to sign over half of the bar to her, you having no childer of your own?"

"Aye," said Larry, taking a pull at the jar. "I might, so be that the lad had a decent lump of money and expectations of property to cement the match."

"Then let's clap hands on it," said I, spitting on my palm. "For I think they've an inkling of our intentions already."

And bedam, so they had. When we went back in to tell them what we'd decided for them, they were still stuck in that bit of the play with no words.

I doubt they didn't really have their minds on that play at all. THE END

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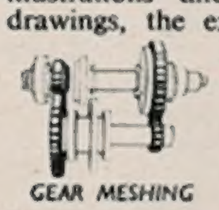

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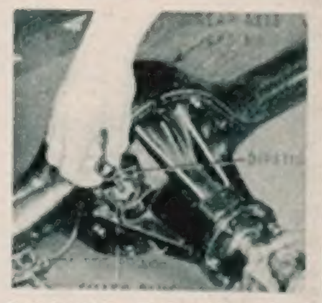

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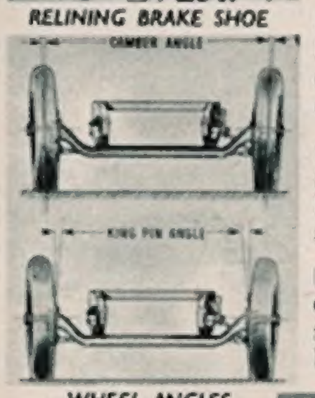

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